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"THE making of new Lords lessens all the rest. 'Tis in the business of Lords, as it 'twas with St. Nicholas's Image: the Country-man, you know, could not find in his heart to adore the new Image, made of his own Plum-tree, though he had formerly worshipped the old one. The Lords that are ancient wa honour, because we know not whence they come: but the new ones we slight, because we know their beginning."

Selden.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The public has had another heartening thrill to read. Last week the operations which began at Zeebrugge and Ostend on April 23rd, were successfully completed at the latter port. At 3 o'clock in the early morning of Friday H.M.S. Vindictive, which emerged, battered but still undefeated, from the Zeebrugge affair, was sunk full of concrete between the piers and across the entrance of Ostend harbour. Our casualties were light, and our only loss of material was a motor-launch, which had been damaged and was sunk by the orders of the Vice-Admiral to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy. Our airmen, who, by the by, dropped 4½ tons of bombs on the docks and the entrance to the canal at Ostend on Thursday night, report that the vessel is satisfactorily placed, and prevents the exit of ships or cruisers of any size. This fine exploit is a new feather in the cap of our fighting Navy. Everybody is congratulating Sir Roger Keyes and his men, volunteers of the Dover Patrol; and everybody is asking why these things were not done long since. We know what our sailors can do, though official reticence hides some startling performances, and we expect much from the new spirit of enterprise at sea.

During the week-end there has been little of outstanding importance on the Western Front, mainly raids aimed at small improvements of position. In these we have been successful, while the Germans have made no gains. The French captured several prisoners in a local operation north of Kemmel, also west of the same hill near Locre. They have also been successful on the Amiens front in local fighting at Gaune Wood

and Mereuil Wood, the German attempt on the former leaving in their hands 100 unwounded prisoners. Later attacks at Malaincourt and near Kemmel were beaten back on Tuesday. The enemy are said to have massed forces nearly equal to six men a yard between Ypres and the Oise, but they have not risked so far for over a fortnight a defeat on a large scale like that of the latest battle of Ypres.

The newspapers have fallen into such a habit of gushing and lying about the events of war, that they have lost the power of describing anything truly. Here are some flowers of journalese culled from the descriptions of the reception of American soldiers on Saturday by the King:—"Stirring scenes," "tumultuous and triumphant welcome," "serried ranks of cheering citizens." As a matter of fact, there were no serried ranks, only a thin line of spectators, grave, friendly, and for the most part, silent. The only approach to cheering was at the point in the route where the Prime Minister appeared at a window. It was not, of course, that Londoners were unmoved by the sight of their American comrades in arms; but they are "not in the vein" for cheering nowadays, and are a disillusioned and rather sceptical people, waiting for victory.

In the reports and "notes" of the distracted Irish Convention there are two recommendations for the future government of that island which are worthy of adoption even by the Government of England. It is recommended that the Lord Lieutenant and the Lord Chancellor should "not be political officers." By this is not meant, we suppose, that those great dignitaries should be men without political opinions, for it would be impossible to find a statesman fit to govern a kingdom or a worthy occupant of the wool-sack without political principles. The non-political man is either an idler or a fool. The meaning is that the representative of the King should not hold his office by the tenure of a political party, and that the head of the law should not be a member of a political cabinet. The Lord Lieutenant's office should not be dependent on the fluctuations of the division lobby; and the Lord Chancellor, though his professional advice should be at the disposal of the Government of the day, should be appointed like any other judge, for life, or, if it be preferred, for a fixed period.

The alliance between the Nationalists and the Sinn Feiners has proved even more brittle than is generally the case between two groups of malcontents. Mr. Dillon, with all the cumulative credit of thirty years' treason behind him, no doubt expected the upstart Mr. de Valera, a mere novice in rebellion, to bow down before him. On the contrary, Mr. de Valera runs "the most scurrilous and offensive" members of his party (which is saying a good deal) against Mr. Dillon's candidate for East Cavan, and the Sinn Feiner will probably beat the Nationalist. Mr. Dillon now accuses Mr. de Valera of exploiting Conscription for political purposes. Of course: but what is Mr. Dillon doing? Mr. Dillon thought that by opposing Conscription he would rope in the Sinn Feiners: but Mr. de Valera knows a trick worth two of that. What a crew!

It is amusing to compare the language now applied to the Kaiser with the epithets heaped on Bonaparte a hundred years ago by our grandfathers. "Mazes of Dissimulation and Rivers of Blood"; "Atrocities of the Corsican Demon"; "Plunder and Partition as practised by Bonaparte on the Continent"; "Trembling Tyrant" with an "insatiable thirst for blood"; "a second Attila, fastening on all Europe for his prey"; are some of the phrases culled from the pamphlets and newspapers of the day by Mr. F. J. Maccunn in his "Contemporary English View of Napoleon," an instructive book, appropriately dedicated to the author's grandmother. The French people under Napoleon are described by Tom Paine as "worse off than the slaves of Constantinople"; while Dundas thought that Nelson's victory of the Nile was "too late to save India"! Between 1800 and Trafalgar, the invasion of England was daily expected; and Pitt, during his three years of Opposition, donned uniform and drilled and rode for hours every day at the head of the Cinque Port Volunteers. Would not Messrs. Samuel, Runciman, and McKenna be better employed in drilling with the volunteers than in concocting votes of censure?

The Affair Maurice is now over, and we are still pondering over the excitement aroused by it. The Army was on the verge of mutiny; if a single hair of General Maurice's head was touched, we were assured in certain quarters, the generals would throw up their commands, and so on. One set of politicians was furious with Mr. Asquith; another set was furious with Mr. Lloyd George; the leader-writers foamed at the mouth, or preached sermons. The fact is that we are in the fourth year of the war, and that we have not yet won a victory. The generals and their backers in the press say it is all the fault of the politicians, and allude frequently and bitterly to "intrigues," which as often as not are imaginary. The politicians, on their side, cannot help occasionally questioning the ability of the higher command, and changing from time to time admirals and generals.

These things are the rubs of the great game of war, and should be borne more patiently. Lord Sydenham wrote to the *Times* last week to complain that Mr. Asquith's motion on General Maurice's letter distracted the public attention from the war. It is a little late to sing that tune, when we have had a revolutionary franchise bill, a proposal to abolish the House of Lords, and are to have a Home Rule Bill after Whitsuntide. General Maurice's letter was a foam bell on the Mississippi of debate compared with these revolution barges which are sent down the stream. There never has been, and there never can be, any justification for ramming the franchise bill, and the Home Rule bill, down our throats during the war without due discussion.

Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice had retired from the post of Director of Military Operations, which he held under Sir William Robertson, some three weeks before he wrote his letter to the newspapers. The only punishment therefore to which he is obnoxious is retirement on half-pay, which has been duly meted out to him, with some pettiness, in our opinion. General Maurice is the son of a very distinguished soldier, also General Sir Frederick Maurice, who was the son of an even more distinguished, or at any rate better known, man, in a very different line. Frederick Denison Maurice, the friend of Kingsley and Stanley, was one of the central figures of the theological controversies of the mid-Victorian era, and may be said to have passed his life in fighting the wild beasts of orthodoxy. General Maurice married the sister of one of Mr. Asquith's private secretaries.

Is not all this denunciation of politicians absurd? Politics is a Greek term for government, and as long as there is government there must be politics, and politics will and always must be managed by politicians.

England was governed by soldiers for ten years in the seventeenth century, and found them worse than any king. It is all very well to sneer at amateur strategists, but politics and war are inextricably mingled, for the plain reason that alliances or coalitions are the work of politicians. Germany is lucky in having allies to whose wants and wishes she need pay no attention. But the Entente Alliance is composed of free and independent nations, governed by popular institutions. From a purely military point of view it might have been better to abandon the Italian armies to their fate. But apart from our treaty obligations, we should have thrown Italy, Greece, and the whole of Eastern Europe into the lap of Germany, like Russia. Does anyone defend such a policy?

There is every reason to hope that the professorial plan for abolishing the House of Lords, and setting up a Senate elected by the House of Commons, will come to nothing. The Liberals are quite aware of the value of the House of Lords both as an Aunt Sally at election times, and as a means of extracting money from their wealthy supporters. They will do nothing therefore to save Lord Bryce's bantling from dying young, if it may not more correctly be described as still-born. A certain number of well-meaning, but short-sighted Conservatives think that a Senate chosen by the House of Commons will prove a popular bulwark against revolution. A popular bulwark! Why, the scheme is an elaborate device for evading that appeal to the nation's verdict, which is the only power the House of Lords claims to exercise. Distrust of democracy is written in every line of the Bryce report. The chief defect of the House of Lords is its present size; it is more numerous than the House of Commons, thanks to Radical creations. But it is still the best Second Chamber in the world.

With brutal cynicism the Germans treat the new Ukrainian constitution as a farce, and their "hands up!" in the Rada reminds one of Cromwell's eviction of the Long Parliament. The Germans are evidently determined to treat the Russias, Finland, Poland, and Roumania, as military provinces in the Roman manner. This, however, may give them more trouble than they think, and will occupy a good many soldiers. Unfortunately, the decent Russians are so sick of Bolshevism that they may welcome, or at least acquiesce in, the Prussian jack-boot. We see no means of rescuing the Russias except by the advance of a Japanese and Chinese army from the Far East, a proceeding for which our Allies do not appear to be ready. Finland, with the harbour on the Arctic ocean, is still the greatest danger, and there we have to rely on our Bolshevik allies. War makes strange bedfellows!

Lord Courtney, who has died at the age of 86, was one of that small class of publicists, to which Lords Morley and Bryce belong, who in modern politics work their way to office by the pen rather than the tongue. Leonard Courtney was a leader-writer on the *Times* under Delane in the seventies, and wrote his articles to order like another. He was Financial Secretary to the Treasury in Gladstone's Government (1880-5), but refusing to follow his leader on Home Rule he was made by the Unionists Chairman of Ways and Means and Deputy Speaker. He was quite unsuited to the post, for beside his lack of urbanity, he was short-sighted, and would not wear glasses; and so he frequently "called" Mr. Brown when it was Mr. Jones who rose to catch his eye. He never could see the difference between Mr. Darling, Mr. Whitmore and Mr. Baumann. Each was short, clean-shaven, and a Tory; how could a philosopher distinguish?

Lord Courtney's great merit was that he consistently applied reason to politics. He thought out a subject for himself, and when he had formed his conclusions, he uttered them without regard to consequences. Naturally, his alliance with the Unionists was an uneasy one, and their refusal to support him in 1900 cost him

his seat at Bodmin. Sir Henry Bannerman made him a peer in 1906, and he became a convert to Home Rule, though the *post hoc* was not in his case *propter hoc*, we believe. He was an advocate of female suffrage, and proportional representation, and opposed the Transvaal War. He was a very bad speaker; his voice was a kind of hollow echo; his enunciation was woolly and indistinct; and his speeches were leading articles, dogmatic and academic. Though he refused to cultivate "the Graces" of Chesterfield, he was a good type of the man of letters in politics, who is much wanted to leaven the general lump of superficiality and corruption.

The supplementary treaties imposed by Germany reduce Roumania to the nominal independence enjoyed by Tunis or Morocco. As we said last week, new "war-damages" prove to be old "indemnities" writ large. They are to be paid not only for alleged losses due to the enemy's invasion, but also in compensation of losses incurred by German and neutral shareholders in oil-fields and local industries. German servants of the State are to be restored to their positions with their old rank and salaries, or else compensated. German churches and schools are to be protected in Roumania as instruments of German propaganda. The Central Powers are to enjoy a complete control of the oil-fields for the next 90 years, a monopoly of the trade in oil is to be assured them, and most of the existing stock is to be handed over. Meanwhile, the whole national life and liberties will be at the mercy of ubiquitous German officials, supported by an army of occupation.

With that unfailing instinct of common-sense, which is worth tons of argument, the House of Commons has finally dismissed the nonsense of Proportional Representation. The schedule to the Representation Act, which was to experiment upon the vile bodies of 17 constituencies, was rejected by 166 votes to 110. A plan which is so complicated that nine members of Parliament out of ten cannot understand it, or at least explain it, is not likely to be comprehended by the electors. The system of finding the quota, and then subtracting and adding votes, would inevitably have fallen into the hands of "experts," paid by the various parties, with the result that elections would be won or lost according to the acuteness of these professional arithmeticians. The opportunities for fraud would have been great. The only way of giving the minority representation is the three-cornered constituency with the cumulative vote.

The Entente Powers Britain, France and Italy, have "denounced" (i.e., in undiplomatic language, renounced) all commercial treaties containing most-favoured-nation clauses. With regard to enemy countries, Germany, Austria and Turkey, all commercial treaties are cancelled by the fact of war. But what about Russia? All the great countries have commercial treaties with Russia: but what is Russia? Is Russia the ally, or the enemy, of the Entente, or a neutral? There is not one Russia, but three Russias, the Ukraine, Petrograd, and Siberia. Nothing has caused so much confusion, and opened the door to so much international swindling, as most-favoured-nation clauses. England and France conclude a commercial treaty on mutually beneficial terms. Germany then makes a treaty with England or France, or both, and by slipping in the most-favoured-nation clause reaps the advantage of all the bargaining between England and France, and the friendship between the two original contracting parties. All that network of diplomatic humbug is now swept away.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer tells us that he has in 1917 raised 1,000 millions by the long-term or "spectacular" loan, and 719 millions by the week-to-week or "open tap" system of borrowing. He considers it better policy, for a variety of reasons, to adopt the perpetual "tap" system, and no doubt it is better

adapted to catch the small investor. The big long-term loan is for bankers, financiers, insurance and other joint-stock companies. But despite the wicked extravagance that is daily flaunted in our faces, there must perforce be large weekly savings out of the fabulous wages and bonuses now being paid to the hand-workers of both sexes. These are the people who are caught by tanks, posters, and daily appeals. Mr. Bonar Law said that "taxation had been levied here on all classes" and been paid "almost without a murmur." We do not admit that. The indirect taxes are paid by all alike. But while there has been an increase of 1,000 millions a year in wages, there has been no transference of direct taxation to the working classes. Their contribution to direct taxes last year was £3,000,000.

Lord Newton tells us, what we are very glad to hear, that, following the example of France, the British Government has reconsidered its policy with regard to our soldier and civilian prisoners in Germany. So long as Russia was in the war, the naval and military authorities of the Entente Powers maintained that any large exchange of prisoners would prolong the war. The collapse of Russia has changed all that. Negotiations will now be opened with Germany for the exchange of all prisoners, of all ages, who have been in captivity for three years. Why not prisoners who have been captive for eighteen months? An Englishman is at least as good as a German: so where does the advantage to the enemy accrue? Unfortunately Lord Newton reminds us that the Germans regard their prisoners as useful beasts of burthen, and they may refuse to give them up. In any event, a long time must elapse before the exchange can take place.

Grinling Gibbons's beautiful statue of James II. which used to adorn Whitehall and was transferred close to the Admiralty, perhaps as a graceful compliment to our sailor King, has disappeared, and we know not where they have laid it. Only the pedestal remains, with its oddly incorrect Latin *Dei gratia*, a blunder specially offensive in respect of a statue in Roman garb. The public has never appreciated it as it should, either because it regards a toga as absurd, or because it has been led by Macaulay to depreciate James II. Let us hope His Majesty is being sheltered from air raids, for his statue is artistically one of the finest in London. After all, how easy it would be to steal statues, whose protection appears to be no man's business. But let *MM les voleurs* begin with John Stuart Mill and Sir Wilfrid Lawson and other unsightly effigies that could well be spared.

Employers and workpeople in certain trades have recently met in London at the instance of the Ministries of Reconstruction and Labour and the Board of Trade. The idea is to set up interim committees of capital and labour in all trades, and from them to form Industrial Councils as recommended by the Whitley Report. The idea is sound, as indeed is every idea which helps towards industrial harmony and mutual defence against unfair foreign competition. Some trouble may arise owing to Trade Unions objecting to the presence of non-union labour or of firms who maintain their freedom to employ trade unionists side by side with non-unionists. Most employers now prefer union labour so as to be able to turn the leaders of workpeople in the event of disputes. These councils will eventually remove the question of free trade or protection from party politics, will agree upon a tariff policy, and force their views on Governments. Sir Albert Stanley's speech for the Board of Trade at one of the meetings won golden opinions.

Kew Gardens just now are full of beauty with double white cherry trees, rhododendrons, and the various graces of the Rock garden. But the visitor can no longer get tea there, though he can in the railway station outside. If ever there was a foolish war economy, this is one.

IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.

THE ten days' adjournment over Whitsuntide affords a good opportunity for members of Parliament and the nation to think over the Home Rule Bill which is to be introduced immediately after the holidays. When the war broke out in August, 1914, two pledges were given by the Government; one that the Government of Ireland Act should not be put in force during the war (a suspensory Act to that effect was passed), and the other, that the six North-Eastern Counties of Ulster should not be included in the scheme without their consent. Parliament is now about to be asked to pass another amending Act which will bring the Home Rule Parliament into immediate existence, though in an altered form, and which will not, so far as we have been informed, give Ulster the option of exclusion. What is the justification for this breach of pledges? What has happened since 1914 to warrant the "unthinkable" coercion of Ulster? On what ground is Parliament to be asked to pass a Home Rule Bill, in lightning haste, in the middle of the war? The true answer is that Britain wants more soldiers: that England, Wales and Scotland have accepted a Military Service Act which conscripts men up to the age of fifty: and that Ireland, to which no Military Service Act has as yet been applied, is to be induced to obey the law of Parliament by the bribe of Home Rule. Such is the truth, shameful enough. But if there were any guarantee, or even probable security, that Ireland would take the bribe, and deliver the goods, there might be some inducement to pay the price. So far, however, from our getting any guarantee, or even assurance, two-thirds of the Irish declare that they will not obey the law passed by the British Parliament, the Nationalists because conscription must be sanctioned by an Irish Parliament, the Sinn Feiners because conscription is an act of tyranny, an infringement of the liberty of the subject. If we are not to get the conscripts, why pass the Bill? Probably we shall get the conscripts, but it will be at the point of the bayonet, not as the price of the Bill. But we must satisfy our conscience, and the opinion of our Allies, by offering the Home Rule Bill, even if it is rejected by the Irish themselves. This is so curious an argument that it is worth examination.

On the ground of conscience, what is England's moral obligation to divert the attention of Parliament and the people from the war to so complex and dangerous a task as the creation of a new Irish Government? Are the Irish people groaning under a system of oppression or neglect or over-taxation so galling as to demand instant relief? On the contrary, the Irish have been the spoilt children of Parliament for the last half century: large sums have been lent to the farmers and the peasants at nominal interest to buy their farms: their old-age pensions are paid by the British: they enjoy immunities denied to the English and the Scotch. Do we get any gratitude for these gifts? In the many reports and "notes," recorded by the Convention there are two points on which all parties, Nationalists, Labourites, Unionists of the North and South, are unanimously agreed. Two recommendations passed without a dissentient voice—that England should advance more money for the completion of Land Purchase, and that England should find money for a great Housing Scheme. "Yes, we will take England's money," say the Nationalists: "we have taken much: we are ready to take more: but fight for England—ah! that is another question, which must be reserved for an Irish Parliament." And is it for the sake of people who hold this language that we are told that we must force the Unionists, who have fought for us, into a scheme of government which they dread and abhor? We are under no moral obligation to divert an ounce of energy from the carrying on of the war to the carrying of a Home Rule Bill.

As for our Allies, to which of them must we exhibit a Home Rule Bill as proof of our loyalty to the great cause of democracy? Is it the French who demand our passport before they admit us to the fraternity of

nations? We hardly think so, for we are vain enough to imagine that we have already given the French nation proof enough and to spare of our devotion to the service of freedom. But perhaps it is the Americans who are tetchy about this Home Rule business, and that it is to please them that we are to endanger the safety of Great Britain? The Americans have seen quite enough of the Irish in these islands, in the last year, to enable them to judge for themselves whether a Home Rule Bill is necessary or expedient at this moment. The Americans have had a great enlightenment on the chapter of Ireland since they came over here. Like ourselves, they see that there is one urgent business, and one only; to fight the Germans out of Belgium and France.

Presumably the Government Bill will be founded on the Majority Report of the Convention: there can be no other basis. In the final division on the adoption of the Report, out of 90 members only 73 voted, 44 for and 29 against. In the hostile minority there appear the names of two out of the four Roman Catholic prelates in the Convention, the Archbishop of Cashel and the Bishop of Raphoe, of the Moderator of the General Assembly, of the Duke of Abercorn, and Lord Londonderry. From the majority are absent the names of Mr. Devlin and the other two Roman Catholic bishops. Thus it appears that the so-called Majority Report represents the views of only 44 out of 90 members of the Convention, and that it is opposed by the leaders of the Nationalists, the Roman Church, and the Ulster Unionists. What sort of stable Government can be built on such a foundation? The chief bone of contention is the control of Customs and Excise, which the Ulster Unionists rightly insist must remain in the hands of the Imperial Government. Lord Middleton draws a distinction between Customs and Excise, and regarding the latter as a purely domestic tax, is in favour of handing it over to the Irish Parliament, while reserving Customs to the Imperial Parliament. In any other country but Ireland we should say the distinction was harmless, if not sound. But we must remember that the South and West of Ireland are agricultural, and that the North-East is a manufacturing district. What is to prevent a Parliament, in which the majority will represent the agricultural interest, imposing as excise duty on the flax and linen industry of Belfast? With regard to the Customs, suppose Great Britain were to impose an import duty on German goods, and Ireland were to admit them duty free. Ireland would then become the entrepôt for German goods, which would be re-shipped to Britain and the Colonies. The Nationalists are willing to allow the Customs and Excise (together with the Police and the Post) to remain with the Imperial Government for the duration of the war. But they insist that these powers must revert automatically to the Irish Parliament as soon as the war is over. Such an arrangement would be fatal to the scheme of Federal Government which Mr. Chamberlain tells us we must now adopt. Mr. Chamberlain does not tell us why we must begin to pull our Constitution to pieces and rebuild it in the middle of the war. He only tells us that the war has made us move faster than in the slow-coach days of peace. We are moving fast, very fast, and if we do not watch our movement we shall find ourselves on the brink of a precipice, from which we shall tumble into anarchy and a civil war. It is the old story of 1782 over again—England's weakness is Ireland's opportunity. England is forced by Ireland to yield something which she knows to be dangerous: and then ten or twenty years later England is forced, by sheer necessity of safety, to take back what she gave. Have we learned nothing from Charlemont and Castlereagh?

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE UKRAINE.

WHILE Tsardom survived, Germany was the prime factor in Eastern Europe, and now still more golden visions are rising on her blood-stained horizon. A complete break up of Russia as a home-

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geneous nation would afford Germany easy opportunities of administering and bleeding territories extending from the Vistula to the Pacific, from the Baltic to the Black Sea. No longer would she need to worry over the provision of food for mouths at home or food for foreign cannon; no longer need to fear any obstacles to her victorious push towards the East (*Drang nach Osten*), with world-slavery as its glittering goal. We stand at the parting of the ways of civilisation and barbarism, faced by greater dangers than ever Attila presented, and it is time to cease peddling over Austen-Chamberlainism or the policies of the parish pump, gird our loins and look round Europe in search of natural barriers, where our resistance can be stubborn. One of these may still be offered by the Ukraine.

Let us first glance at history and then at the map. Modern Russia began with Peter the Great, who terminated the prolonged anarchy of the seventeenth century and rejuvenated the old Muscovite despotism by organising bureaucracy and introducing shrewd foreigners into his government. Most of those foreigners were Germans and from that time, right down to the recent revolution, Russia was administered by Germans according to traditional German methods. We must frankly admit that the blending of German thoroughness and ruthlessness with the old Asiatic despotism afforded the elasticity and efficiency needful to a great conquering power. There was jealousy, of course, among the true Russians, but habit and success reconciled them to foreign influences, and even in recent Dumas sincere statesmen were to be found accepting German ministers, and Germans who had nominally become naturalised, as Russian patriots. That explains the ease with which the revolution against centralised autocracy contemplated a German protectorate as an opportunity for peaceful development on particularist lines. We are so fatally fascinated by the parrot-talk of democracy as a universal panacea that we fail to appreciate the Oriental character of the Russian State, which has so far shown no desire or capacity for what are called free institutions. Peter the Great imposed an irresponsible, Teutonised oligarchy, which has degenerated under recent Tsars into a ghost of government, with the glamour of an extinct star, whose light was kept alive by glorified slaves of the lamp, selfish party politicians without even the excuse of representing parties of any kind.

Bolshevik anarchy had an easy step into the shoes of a bureaucracy that had been disorganised to the very verge of anarchy and impotence.

So much for history. Now for a glance at the map. During the first half of the nineteenth century, Russian policy was concerned only with historic nations: the Poles, who persisted in struggles for independence; the Baltic Germans and Finnish Swedes, who accepted compromises. Then, with the spread of education, national consciousness began to reveal itself in national movements among the Finns, Lithuanians, Estonians and Letts in the West, among the Armenians, Georgians and Tartars in the East, and, most important of all, among the Little Russians in the South, with the expression of a distinct Little Russian or Ukrainian nationality: The Little Russians had no less than 40 members in the second Duma, which had to be dissolved in order to burke their proposals for Ukrainian Home Rule. While the rest of Russia has now practically no government and its people are left to do what seems good in their own eyes, or, more often, not even that, the Ukrainian has shown signs of possible development into a strong, organisable, homogeneous State, with a population of 35 to 40 millions. Occupying the whole of Southern Russia and Southern Poland, from the Carpathians to the Caucasus, it may separate Russia or Germany, or both, from the Black Sea and Eastern expansion. This did not escape far-seeing German diplomacy, which has long given encouragement to a national movement, first from Vienna and then from Berlin. Pan-German writers have always laid stress upon the need of a separated Ukraine (whose name means "the border-state") as a wedge to be driven into the Russian

Empire, a barrier for the Black Sea, and a German ally against irreconcilable Poland. The Ukraine was marked out as an easy prey to unscrupulous penetration. In the early days of the revolution, her nationalists professed to desire federation with other parts of Russia, but it proved easy to persuade them that this would be a source of weakness, whereas the example of Bulgaria could be cited as evidence of prosperity under German protection. The consequences of their persuasion now afford an object-lesson for all such as believe in peace by negotiation with the Hun.

When Russia began to break up and Bolshevik incoherence wore out the patience of German negotiators, the Ukraine was the first to sign a lone, selfish peace and, as Count Czernin phrased it, to break the first mesh in the net which protected the Eastern front, necessarily causing the other meshes to break too. The Ukrainian people, weary of a war from which they had nothing to gain, thought of peace as the only thing that mattered. That is perhaps intelligible in a freshly emancipated proletariat, with little education and no knowledge of international politics, and the ruling classes, here, as elsewhere in Russia, had been brought up to believe in the energy and efficiency of German administrators. Such an attitude is all the more regrettable because, as collaborators with an unbeaten Roumanian army, backed up by such Cossacks as still remained faithful, the Ukrainians could have checked the enemy's advance. Instead of which, they hurried blindly into the open trap, and accepted union with Germany, anticipating an era of peace and prosperity for their country, with no thought for the precipitated collapse of Russia or the betrayal of allies. At first they were merely invited to sell what cereals and other food-stuffs they could spare, but it was not long before they began to realise what the words peace and friendship mean in German treaties. The Ukraine is now enjoying all the thrilling emotions of a foreign occupation. Forced requisitions have begun. Spoliation and famine and forced labour have provoked insubordination and provided General Eichhorn with excuses for advancing his armies in every direction. In various towns there have been massacres of people who dared to defend their property against the soldiery. Ministers have been arrested on charges of fomenting riots or failing to afford the German authorities adequate support. The Rada has been dissolved.

This latter event was first represented, by way of Berlin, as a revolutionary movement explaining, if not excusing, the severity of the German conquerors. We had a plausible picture of a distracted people venting their resentment upon incompetent parliamentary leaders and applauding General Skoropadski, the wild, defiant Ataman of Cossacks, when he appeared in the Cathedral square at Kiev at the head of the country deputies, had himself appointed ruler by the clergy of the capital, and proceeded to suppress Parliament with a laconic cry of "Hands up!" not unlike Cromwell removing "that bauble." Now it leaks out that there has been no great national uprising, that it was German officers who cried "Hands up!" and that Skoropadski is a tyrant and a traitor. Some deluded peasants may have supplied a riot to the order of the Germans, but the only answer is martial law and a Pharoah attitude on the part of the task-masters. We fear that no potential revolution is immediately probable in the unhappy Ukraine, and that, like Roumania, she can look for no redemption until Prussian tyranny shall be ended by the victory of the Allies. Then perhaps, as we see no prospect of restoring the Tsar without at the same time perpetuating German influence, the "Border-State" may be maintained as a powerful buffer and encouraged to hope for a share in that development which must take a long time to be perceptible amid the chaos of Russia. And for development, perhaps even for existence, she must depend largely on the goodwill of Poland, to whom she already owes whatever civilisation she possesses. The significance of the Ukraine lies neither in her uneventful past nor in her troubled present, but in the accidents of her future as a Border State.

ON A FINE FRESH MAY MORNING.

YOU start at the Broken Bridge. Words passed at breakfast as to what is an honest day's work, one man saying this, and one man saying that, but all agreeing that your view of it was laughable. None the less here you are unashamed, and you came, moreover, in the dogcart. Let the others, the youthful, the proud, and the athletic eat up ascending miles, stumble among rocks, and pursue trifling rills to their airy sources. The wise and comfortable man keeps his feet on the gravel and allows the high hills to look on. That is probably what they are for.

From the Broken Bridge you have rather better than two miles of gravel, dignified, easy going, with nice shelving pools and wind-ruffled flats which can and should be fished slowly. If the trout once begin to rise you may take your dozen or more in a hundred yards of water, so there is no object in hurrying. Besides, when the sun warms the world almost for the first time since last year you must pause now and again to notice things. A clump of primroses—spring comes late in Glendower's country—the chorus of lambs, the windy note of plovers, even the murmur and splash of the stream, all demand the townsman's earnest attention. It is good to sit on a tussock with your brogues in the water and to give thanks for sight and sound and the brave scent that is wafted down from the heather.

Just above the Broken Bridge—which is an unfinished affair of three low piers and enough bridge for balancing feats laid across them—there is one of those deep, hopeless, glassy pools which change with every winter flood and never become properly fishable. It is too deep for wading and the bank is high, so any trout that may be feeding there immediately detect an intending angler and feed no more. Pass it, and begin at the run above the stepping stones. Here you have what all good wet-fly anglers see in their dreams, a line of bushes on the far bank with boughs just not touching the water, and a stream which comes down beside them in gentle ripples and about four feet deep. On your side it is not more than a few inches and it is an easy cast across. This is the home of half-pounders. Here, if anywhere, may be sought the legendary monster of a pound.

In this upland country we do not judge of things solely by their bulk. Even our half-pound might not weigh much more than seven ounces in the sluggish and pedantic air of the Midlands. Here, however—ha! there is a gleam of gold athwart the alder, the line is checked, the rod-point goes up, and you have hold of something solid. There is no mistaking a good fish in water like this. When hooked he always gives you a momentary sensation of having encountered the famous "immovable object." Later he will behave like a submarine or a hydroplane, but at first he is as the eternal rock. The strength of these mountain trout is amazing and it is never more apparent than when they first hold you motionless in the strong stream.

After the screaming of the reel, the agitated transference of heart from mouth to boots and back again, the tumult and splashing upstream and down as the fish runs and you pursue, it is well to go ashore with the trophy hanging in the net, so that he may be safely dispatched, unhooked, weighed, and laid out to the best advantage in the creel. Every half-pounder deserves proper obsequies, and this is a proper half-pounder—7½ ounces if he is a drachm. No need to-day for the arts of phrasing by which a six-ounce fish which tops the catch has to be introduced to admirers. "About-getting-on-for—practically—within-a-shade-of"—what are they all but words when you look on the real thing, the veritable half-pound of golden symmetry, dappled with black and brown, pricked with carmine? We do not catch many like this, and we have a right to our satisfaction.

The March Brown, Blue Dun, and Hare's Ear, the well-tried trio of flies that generally go into action first, attract three more trout to the basket before the head of the run is reached. These fish belong to the order

"decent," that is to say, they weigh three ounces. Below them is an order known as "nice little," which hovers round about two and a half ounces. Anything below that signifies a time of dearth which you hope will not be your sad portion. A four-ounce average weight is what you feel to deserve, what you mean to secure. But an open mind has its uses when the east wind blows. For though considerable fishes may keep themselves to themselves, as the saying is, at such a time, yet every morning brings its breakfast appetite, be weather fair or foul.

From the run it is a half-mile to Owen's Bridge and the river is spread out in a wider bed with occasional deep pockets on one side or the other, hollowed out by the fret of the stream. The roots of a big willow, an upstanding rock, or a big log which has jammed among the stones will deflect the current enough to produce such a pocket, and the fisherman always keeps an eye lifting for these places. There are trout everywhere more or less, but it is the specially favoured spots that produce most rises. A feeding fish always selects a point of vantage.

Below and under Owen's Bridge is such a pool as moves the most humdrum soul to ambition. The stream ripples down a long gradual descent into salmon depths, that is to say, to just beyond what the eye can pierce even with a favouring sun to help. It is tantalising how salmon usually contrive to be a foot deeper than a man can see. Not that there are any salmon here now. A few make their way up in the later summer if there is a big water, but they are not to be expected in May. Which is perhaps just as well. Salmon are a distraction and drive humble trout-fishers to expensive licences and unprofitable toils.

Better is it to meditate on the two-pound trout which "took" our friend Polylogus at the top of the stream just where the burn comes in, ran round his legs thrice, upset him, towed him down under the bridge, bumping his head against the arch, sank him to the ten-foot level, and then left him for dead, taking his March Brown as a memento of the occasion. It is a story that never loses in the telling. But the Bridge Pool is an inspiring place. Given a two-pound trout, and almost anything might happen there.

What is happening now is worthy of note. The fish are of a sudden splashing up everywhere, and if you look close you will see swarms of small mottled flies either skating on the water or fluttering over it. Myriads more are crawling on the stones at the water-side. You have happened on one of the carnivals of the trout season, worthy to be classed with the March Brown or Mayfly festivals so far as enthusiasm among the fish goes, though it is less famous among fishers, for sound reasons. This "Gravelbed," as they call it, is a pernicky creature, hard to imitate and harder to use, and its appearance leads to extravagant hopes followed by contemptible results. The trout simply "bounce," as friend Apteryx expressed it in one of his after-dinner complaints, and the hook may prick but hardly ever holds. The chief use of the Gravelbed is to show you what stores of comely half-pounders the river contains, for they all glut themselves upon it in their violent manner. If one could make a good imitation skate and flutter results would be better, but neither dry-fly nor wet-fly science has advanced so far.

Despite the Gravelbed, of course, a fish is caught here, and a fish there, and the day wears on. Luncheon is eaten on a grassy bank, and spoils are counted and admired the while. There are adventures—a wader which is an inch too short and fills itself with water; a bull which approaches the river just when the said wader is a-drying on a gorse-bush inside-out. No one knows how far or fast he can hop till he has been in that predicament. But even a bull has his proper place in the day's enjoyment, providing you hop with judgment, and he makes fine narration later, when you come to reckon up the golden hours.

The golden hours! It is good to have them in memory, for the present time is leaden, and the future

lies in a mist. Not all that goodly company of honest men shall come together again by Glendower's stream. There is blood on the fields of Flanders and white bones lie beneath the wine-dark sea. Like a dirge on the wind come the words of that good old man, our Father Izaak, "But they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours, even as a shadow that passeth away and returns not." In these dark days men must look back to the golden sunset before the storm came, or else far forward to the glowing opal of a new dawn. Haply there are bright trout-streams also in the Elysian fields.

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS, B.C.

"**W**HEN the League of Nations," said Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P., on January 22nd, 1918, "with its necessary machinery becomes an indispensable part of the national and international life, then, and then only, will it be possible for a world democracy to go forward to the full realization of its prosperity."

There is less in a League of Nations than is dreamt of in Mr. Henderson's philosophy, or even in that of President Wilson, as Sir F. E. Smith showed in his address to the New York Bar on January 11th. How is the question of Military Service to be settled, since if one Power has it and another has not, the weak will always be at the mercy of the strong? Or the Freedom of the Sea, when Land Powers might outvote Sea Powers? What of the alteration of frontiers and nationalities in the course of history? Or the problems of the Air, when "peaceful" factories could turn out in secret unlimited quantities of war material? And if elementary questions such as these are unanswerable, what becomes of your League of Nations?

The League of Nations is no modern idea: it was tried nearly 2,500 years ago and found wanting. Go from Naples to Paestum, a Life of Piranesi in your hand, and you will see the most wonderful remains of Greek architecture extant with the exception of the temples at Athens. Among them are the remains of a Doric Basilica which Piranesi etched and called the House of the Amphictionic Council. [*ἀμφικτιονες* = neighbours.] That Council was the League of Nations of the democracies of the Ancient World, and its history is not without interest.

But, you say, those Ionians, Dorians, Phocians, Thessalonians, Magnesians and the rest who formed the League were not nations, but municipalities. In size, perhaps; but nations they were in days when it took as long to go from Athens to Messene or from Plataea to Pella as it takes to go from London to New York. The world was smaller then, and analogies must be founded on position and not on population. Everything is relative. What happened when this Council tried to enforce its own rules? Look at its history, and remember that in the days of its greatest activity Demosthenes called it the shadow of a shade. Mr. Henderson will please note that.

The Council of the Amphictionic League was made up of representatives of twelve tribes, each with two votes. It met twice a year; at Delphi in the spring, at Anthela near Thermopylae in the autumn. Its duties were to watch over the interests of the Temple of Delphi and the Sacred Land; to regulate the relations of the leagued States in peace and war; to act as arbitrator; to take charge of roads and bridges; to arrange loans from the Treasury—and a levy on capital was not an unheard-of measure on its part; to supervise the Pythian Games; to erect public monuments, one to Gorgias the orator, for instance, one to the heroes of Thermopylae; to adjust quarrels between members of the League, as in the case of the complaint of the Plataeans about the boastful inscription set up by Sparta on the monument at Delphi commemorating the battle of Plataea; to punish offenders against international law, as in the judgment passed on

Ephialtes for his treachery in showing the Persians the secret path over the hills which enabled them to destroy Leonidas and his Immortals. It possessed the right of sanctuary, of which Orestes took advantage; it exempted religious bodies from military service. The Amphictionic oath bound each State not to level an offending city to the earth and not to cut off the water supply from a belligerent; the oath thus contemplated a state of war as anything but abnormal. And how was the oath carried out? Look at the history of the First Sacred War: the very name is an irony. The city of Crisa levied dues on the pilgrims who passed through its land to consult the Delphic Oracle, the Amphictionic Council declared a Holy War, and, after a favourable response from Apollo proceeded to divert the water supply, poison it with hellebore, and make a way into the weakened city, which was thereupon levelled with the ground: the Crisean plain was laid waste with such "frightfulness" that it was still a scene of desolation in the days of Hadrian, six centuries later.

Here, then, the Council, to gain its private ends and the political support of the Oracle, deliberately violates the provisions of its own oath—treats them as Scraps of Paper—and "mitigates the horrors of war"—its official function—by employing the foulest means against its foes. Take the case of Plataea again, when she had offended Thebes. Both were members of the League, yet because one is strong and the other weak, Plataea must go under. The Plataean prisoners are put to the sword, their city—the saviour of Greece at Marathon—is destroyed, and their territory confiscated: the story is in Thucydides.

The decrees of the Amphictionic Council were indeed enforced when the interests of a powerful party were not involved. In the days of Cimon, the Dolopians, the safe return of whose ships had been guaranteed by the League, charged the people of Scyros with piracy for attacking those ships, and the offenders were duly punished. A century later, again, the Spartans were fined for besieging the Cadmea or citadel of Thebes. But it was the fatal weakness of the League, as of any later League of Nations, that powerful integral States could flout its judgments. Sparta did so; and an Athenian decree actually exists in which an Amphictionic decree is declared invalid, in spite of the fact that the League's status as arbitrator was never questioned, and was accepted even in the case of Athens and Delos, as it was later by the semi-barbarous powers of Macedon, in that both Philip and Alexander brought their Greek opponents before the Amphictions, instead of forcing them away to Macedonia for trial.

The voting powers of every State in the League were, nominally, equal; yet it was Athens and Sparta who fell out over the question of the exclusion from the League of States which had had dealings with the Persians, and it was the stronger power that won.

This Association of democratic neighbouring States, with their representatives meeting at a common centre to transact the business of the League and to celebrate religious rites, with its record of international law, its binding oaths, its claim to arbitrate, so as to ameliorate the horrors of war, its nominal equality of great and small, its plea for self-determination among smaller States, its guarantees against the abuse of Power, presents an extraordinary parallel to the Hague Conference on the one hand and to the proposed League of Nations on the other. The result was just what might have been expected. Powerful democracies used the League for their own purposes, observed or ignored their obligations to suit themselves; there was no redress. Let those who hanker for a League of Nations recall the history of the democratic Amphictionic League; see it becoming the instrument of one powerful party after another, breaking its own laws, its own oaths; see Delphi itself taking vengeance on Crisa, Thebes on Phocis, Thespiæ and Plataea, Argos on Mycenæ, and see what comes of it in the end. As the First Sacred War had disclosed one member-city poisoning the waters of another and razing its walls to the

ground, so the Second Sacred War showed the same cynical Welt-politik, followed in this instance by the tragedy of Chæroneia and the rise of Macedon. In the middle of the fourth century B.C., Thebes, having been successful in getting the Spartans fined for their seizure of the Cadmeia, saw an opportunity of using the League in the same way against the rival State of Phocis. A number of prominent Phocians were fined for alleged sacrilege, the League decreeing that if the fine were not paid within the time prescribed, their lands should be confiscated for the benefit of Delphi. Thereupon the Phocians seized Delphi itself; the League met at Thermopylæ and decided that an Amphictyonic army should rescue the sacred city, whose treasures were being used by the Phocians to purchase new allies in the North. Thessaly, threatened by this move, turned for help to Philip of Macedon, and thus changed the history of the world. While Demosthenes urged the cause of Liberty and thundered out his Philippics, warning the Athenians of the intention of Macedon to subjugate all Greece, the League went on as usual. The board of temple-builders met at Delphi; the Amphictyonic Council—with the trifling exception of the anti-Phocian States—assembled as before; Dorians and Ionians sat side by side and talked and talked in the peaceful Council-Chamber, and held the Pythian Games; while the world outside was a welter of blood and confusion brought on it by the League.

* The crazy Declaration of London was the fruit of the Hague Conference; the rise of Macedon the fruit of the Amphictyonic League. By their fruits ye shall know them is as true of Leagues and Conferences as of men and States. Has the experience of the past no value for the future? Are we like the Bourbons, for ever learning nothing, but, unlike them, for ever forgetting? If so, we shall form and rely upon a League of Nations and talk and talk and cry out, when it is too late, for the regretted whips of independent States in place of the scorpions of "Allies" in a League of Nations who work in secret and reward us openly with the penalties of a stupidity born of sloppy sentimentality, the offspring of self-deception.

Fear God and learn to take your own part, said George Borrow of the Ancient City of Norwich. Not bad advice! If followed it will be more likely to prevent wrongdoing than will reliance on the insincerities of a League of Nations.

SOAP.

CLEANLINESS—the chief of luxuries—has not yet been taxed, but there seems to be some danger that it may be seriously compromised by our war economies, for soap is rising in price and laundry charges are, of course, bounding up disproportionately. Soap has long been the nourisher of cleanliness and a land-mark of civilisation, and our laundries should be temples of Hygieia, so anything that threatens the utility of the one or the accessibility of the other is a matter of public concern.

Max O'Rell said that a philistine Englishman, when he first leaves his Island and pays a visit to Germany and finds no soap on the wash-stand at his hotel, concludes that the Germans do not wash, but in that conclusion he would not be wholly correct, for while morally grimy beyond hope of ablution, the German does, sparingly and partially, make use of soap for the lustration of his peculiarly coarse and greasy epidermis, and curiously enough it is to Germany that we owe our first knowledge of soap. Pliny tells us that the Romans discovered soap in Germany, but he shrewdly suggests that, like so many other German accomplishments, it was of Gallic origin and had been used in France—the home of the toilette—for giving a bright lustre to the hair. However, it was in the pre-Julius Cæsar era; the Germans have not in modern times resorted to soap as freely as the other peoples of Western Europe, and so to-day the student of dermatology who wishes first-hand knowledge of certain skin diseases that are associated with dirt of the deepest dye has to betake himself to Berlin or Vienna.

The primary detergent, and that still used by some savage tribes, by some civilised people like the Egyptians, and by many of the lower animals was sand or gravel, which has a purely mechanical effect, and that was followed by wood and plant-ashes and it is these or fuller's earth that are referred to as "sope" by the Prophets Jeremiah and Malachi. Their ashes contain potash, and that, when in solution and brought into contact with the oily droplets that exude from the sudoriparous or sweat glands of the skin, no doubt produced a kind of impromptu saponification and cleansing lather.

The soap used by the Romans and said to have been derived from Germany was made from beech-ashes and hogs' and goats' tallow, and seems to have become the fashion rapidly, for the excavation at Pompeii brought to light a complete soap-making establishment, containing some well preserved soap. Very soon all kinds of fat and oils, animal and vegetable, were laid under contribution for soap-making, and Marseilles, owing to its command of olive-oil, became the chief centre of soap-making and so remained until it had to pale its ineffectual fires before Port Sunlight.

The great revolution in soap-making came in the beginning of the nineteenth century when Chevreul conducted his classical observations on the fats and oils and when Leblanc discovered the process for the manufacture of caustic soda from common salt. Since then soap has been in the ascendant, has blossomed out into an infinite variety of kinds meeting an infinite variety of personal tastes and industrial requirements, and has contributed to an incalculable degree to the comfort and well-being of mankind.

As the number of fats and oils available for soap-making has increased, and as the processes of manufacture have improved, soap has become gradually cheaper. From 1711 till 1853—by a piece of insane taxation, like the window tax—a duty varying from a penny to threepence per pound was levied on soap, but since the latter date it has been free from impost, and the consumption of it has increased enormously. Now, however, we are threatened not with a famine, but with a scarcity of soap, and will have to pay a greatly enhanced price for it. Soap-making must go on, were it only for the production of glycerine which is necessary for our high explosives, but the diminished importation of fats and oils owing to freightage difficulties, the diminished number of animals slaughtered for food, and the competition of margarine must vastly restrict our soap output, and send up its price. From a sanitary point of view a somewhat anxious prospect is therefore opened up before us.

It is for our chemists to set to work to provide us with a soap-substitute. That is not impossible. There are many fat-and-oil-containing seeds, fruits and roots that have not yet been pressed into the service of soap-making, and our salt deposits afford us an unlimited supply of alkali. In the West Indies the fruit of the *Sapindus Saponaria* or soap-berry is commonly used as a substitute for soap for cleansing linen and other textile fabrics. The frothy mixture which the fruit makes with hot water is said to be very serviceable for cleansing dyed fabrics which soap would injure. We can scarcely hope for a consignment of soap-berry from Jamaica to Lancashire, but there may be indigenous natural products which would in some directions take the place of soap.

Then we can economise our use of soap. Soap that has been kept and is dry will go much further than that which is new and moist. Rain water should be collected and stored for washing wherever it can be kept apart from drinking water. Grease, wherever it is practicable, should be recovered from waste water. This is done in the woollen trade, and there should be a possibility of carrying out the same process in laundries, public institutions, and large camps. The dry shampoo must be extended.

It is for our rulers to protect us against some unnecessary consequences of the scarcity of soap. They have taken the starch out of our collars and they must control our washing generally. Laundry prices have

risen in a way that cannot be justified by the increased price either of material or labour. Very strict inquiry should be made as to excess profits in laundries, and it may even come to fixing maximum prices for all articles sent to the wash.

THE CULT OF THE "ISM."

IT is to be hoped that this war, destined, so we are told, to make the world "safe for democracy," has not made the world safe for the "ism." This once harmless and unobtrusive suffix is now sadly overworked. It began life, so says the dictionary, as a pendant to abstract nouns, in order to denote condition or system: it has now become a tag for fatuous catchwords. The real cult of the "ism" is in modern usage, a purely Prussian product, a clumsy device peculiar to that race of barbarous pendants. The "ismus" of the German pen became provocative: England's "Imperialismus" formed the theme of numerous pamphlets, and in 1900 the Germans coined the word "Chamberlainismus," in order to express that combination of imperial ideals and the mercantile system which we associate with the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

As soon as war broke out, the suffix was enthroned. "Militarism" was the first word of a series; it sufficed as an explanation of Germany's attack upon Belgium; of all her misdeeds, her arrogance and her damnable efficiency. For a time the world was satisfied when the noun was applied to our enemies, but it was soon pounced upon by a host of writers, who, in a world of reality, feared that the consummation of their pet theories were endangered. When Mr. Asquith and his colleagues, lax as they were, decided to gird their loins, and to abandon their lackadaisical attitude to the War, our Radical writers immediately applied the word Militarism, and all its variants, to every effort which was made for the proper equipment of this country against its enemies without and within. And thus "militarism" became the forerunner of the other hundred "isms," which day by day grow more and more meaningless. "Kaiserism" was quickly in the field, and ran a good second. A few months later, when the Military Service Bill was under consideration, the Radical press adopted "Tsarism," as a flail with which to belabour their enemies. "Prussianism" is fairly reasonable, but "Zabernism" was a wholly unnecessary variation. Next came "Hohenzollernism," which served its purpose for a time, until Mr. H. G. Wells introduced "Carsonism," as the most derogatory term which he could apply to the policy of any statesman who had the misfortune to disagree with him. What Mr. H. G. Wells really meant, was no doubt obvious, but the reader might take his choice of meanings; he might conceive a successful barrister, somewhat dry in humour, or a gun-runner, or, perchance, an independent member of a pompous and complacent Cabinet. For explanation, however, he has the weighty words of Mr. Robert Lynd, "Kaiserism and Carsonism are merely two names for the same evil thing," and a few lines later, "Hohenzollernism in Ulster encouraged Hohenzollernism in Berlin to begin the world-war." The once harmless suffix acquired a provocative meaning, and henceforth served as an index of contempt.

The "ism" possesses infinite possibility of application. "Stevensonianism" was recently used to describe the style of a somewhat lifeless story issued by the Admiralty, in a praiseworthy endeavour to enlighten the British public, concerning the deeds of the navy. "Caillauxism" and "defeatism" are already almost out of date; "Boloism" has had a goodly run: though it does not appear to be the most apt of words for the craft of spies, or agents, it is still safe for a round of applause at any public meeting. What "Hooverism" connotes is not so clear. Possibly it represents some peculiarly Transatlantic method of dealing with food control. Bolshevism does not satisfy Mr. G. R. Sims, who has also caught the disease, and he must have "Bolshevikism" for his

own variant. "Leninism" and "Bernhardism" represent two opposite theories. Rumours of peace parleys have produced "Lansdownism" as a term of contempt, and the Germans have adopted "Belgianism," in order to express a lack of the desire to participate in that "self-determination" which is to be the good gift bestowed upon the Flemings.

The close and curious reader of a certain weekly, may always reckon upon a fine selection of high-flown "isms." One of that journal's best efforts is "Disraelism," and the instance is worth quotation. Germany, said the leading article, "proposes to restore the Turk and his rule over the province whose soil is still red with the blood he has shed." (The writer, no doubt, fashioned his style upon the rhyming tendencies of Mr. Dick Swiveller). "That," he continued, "is to borrow a leaf from Disraelism thirty years after every civilized State has been shamed out of practising it." "Japanism" is another gem from the same journal, though its meaning at the moment was somewhat obscure. "Irishism" is an especial quality of which a ray was said to shine from Mr. Dillon's speeches, rather than from Mr. Redmond's.

Week by week the cult of the "ism" steadily expands. After Mr. Spencer Hughes's speech, "Beaverbrookism" was bound to come, and may be used in future to describe the attitude of those who do not suffer from "needless scrupulosity." A rarer specimen is "Red-tapeism," but two examples are known. "Educationalism" has been used in the subtitle of a study on pedagogy, and the word will doubtless conquer the scholastic world. The agreement between the northern neutrals has recently been labelled "Scandinavism," and expresses isolation from the "Europism" of the belligerents. The "War Aims of the British people" contain "Imperialism," used in a disparaging sense, as though the Irredentist movement had no right to exist in Italy or as though this Empire of free Commonwealths had its exact counterpart in Prussia. "Colonialism" is a favourite word with the pacifist; like the true "ism" its sting is in the tail; and a few cranks have tried to convince their fellows that the "navalism" of the British Empire is an instrument of tyranny, the prototype of Prussian "Militarism."

A student of this cult may perhaps be tempted to glance at books which in War time lie neglected upon his shelves. Professor Weekley's *Romance of Words*, has but a single example, the word "Spoonermism," "when metathesis," says he, "extends beyond one word, we have what is known as a *spoonerism*, the original type of which is said to be *Kinquering congs their titles take*." If the student prefers to extend his research, let him take at random a letter in Johnson's Dictionary. I tried this myself, and in doing so I chanced upon the letter G. There I found but two examples of the suffix: "Grecism," which has passed into the scholar's vocabulary, and "Gargarism" which is apparently an archaic form of gargle. "Apophlegmatism and gargarisms," quoted Samuel Johnson from Francis Bacon, "draw the rheum down by the palate." How then could I avoid turning to apophlegmatism, and increasing my vocabulary? For those who have not the Lexicon at hand I may say that it is "a medicine of which the intention is to draw phlegm from the blood."

As a lover of words, I varied my researches with some moments of speculation upon the possibilities of the "ism" which the letter "G" suggested. The word ginger instantly recalled Mr. Winston Churchill, and I conceive that "gingerism" might prove an excellent word for his political method; if I recollect rightly, he once made it his own. Thence the mind passed to other political "isms." Why should the present Prime Minister not be reminded of his mania for "Dukeism" (a term which would also serve to describe the late government of Ireland). One of Mr. Duke's predecessors gave his name to "Birrellisms." And by this method if anyone desires to enrich the language, he can easily do so. The recipe is simple. Take a politician or a theory you dislike, stir

the name quickly at a public meeting, while it is red-hot, add an "ism," and wait for the applause. If you are tempted to collect the word in a scholarly fashion, you can become an "Ismist," and dub your new hobby "ismism." I find that I am not alone in my attention to this cult. In a recently published novel, the heroine was accused of pragmatism. "The war has killed 'isms,'" declared one of the characters, to which another immediately replied: "Till the day when 'isms' shall kill war." I only trust that this jest was not to be taken seriously. For I am not so concerned for the present generation as for posterity. I do not envy the task of those whose lot, in the coming century, will be to re-edit Murray's Dictionary, for the Bodleian will scarce contain the books and pamphlets in which this once innocent suffix may lurk, and a rejuvenated *Notes and Queries* will have to devote its columns to additional examples of this "ismic" cult. Truly, I repeat, it will be a terrible affair if this war should make the world safe for the "ism."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CO-OPERATIVE STORES SCANDAL.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—If we were to explain all that "Mincing Lane Broker" asks for, we have no doubt that he and many others like him would be glad of information which no firm would give with respect to its own business methods. What has the brokerage arrangement of the C.W.S. or any other body to do with the principles of taxation which seem to disturb the equilibrium of your correspondents, and lead you slightly astray in your editorial comments? Although politeness is not always an effective weapon against the tactics of vested interests, we will endeavour to improve our manners, if our opponents will make some effort to obtain a more exact idea about the organisation of the co-operative movement when writing to the public press. Courtesy on one side should be accompanied by reason and facts from the other side.

The "Mincing Lane Broker" challenges the C.W.S. to say whether heavy purchases made by certain brokers were or were not financed by the C.W.S. We have denied similar statements made on and around the alleged purchases of these alleged brokers several times, and why should correspondents keep on troubling us about them? Your correspondent is wrong in the figures he gives about "the firm of brokers" that "started with paid-up capital of £5." What was alluded to at that time as a "mushroom company" was not responsible for the sending up of the price of tea. Was there not a combination of large operators buying wildly in opposition to the C.W.S.? Was it not their speculations which had the effect of creating a rising market? What happened was that they tried to break the C.W.S. and almost succeeded in breaking themselves. Chagrined at the result of their campaign, they turned round and called the C.W.S. bad names. Having exhausted themselves of their supply of ugly epithets, some of their advocates alluded to our straight reply to their abominable allegations as "rudeness" and others as "Balloons-Street fog."

Your "Mincing Lane Broker's" charge that an official of the C.W.S. suggested that the then ruling minimum price of tea at 2/- per lb. was not remunerative, and ought to be increased to 2/6d. is a slanderous statement. Your correspondent either knows this, or he does not. But in any case it is totally wrong, and if he had the common courtesy which you seem to expect from us he would apologise forthwith. If he understood what the C.W.S. is, and what it stands for, he would perceive that it can have no object in putting up the price of tea at any time to the consumer.

Throughout the war, the attitude of the C.W.S. has been to protect the consumer, to keep down the price, and regulate supplies on an equitable basis. It never sold paper at the price of tea, and it was mainly due to

its representations on the Government Tea Advisory Committee that the packet containing full 16 ounces of tea was made compulsory. If your correspondent will stick to the income-tax we will endeavour to argue with him, but if he and other Mincing Lane profit-makers continue to flog a dead horse about alleged C.W.S. "deals," we must withdraw. In the tea trade the C.W.S. has a clean slate, despite the intrigue concocted in Mincing Lane and other places to soil it.

We are sorry that the issues raised by your correspondent have taken us off the trail of the income-tax, for we should like to have given plain illustrations showing that a co-operative society is *not* a trading concern. Its business and profits bear no relations to those of ordinary trading establishments. In ordinary trade increases in income-tax are derived from consumers; a trader places the extra charge upon the goods he sells to other people. The other people indirectly pay the tax. In a co-operative society this process of shifting the burden from trader to consumer is impossible. All that co-operators could do would be to take the money out of one hand to put in the other to hand it over to the tax collector. A trader not only takes the tax from other people's pockets, but usually a trifle or two beyond what he is entitled to in accordance with the Budget demands.

Yours faithfully,
THE CO-OPERATIVE PRESS AGENCY.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—As one who has had a pretty wide experience of elementary schools, I must take exception to some of the statements made by Mr. Hughes, in his letter on "The Failure of Elementary Education" in your last issue.

In the first place the statement that "the fare supplied there" (i.e., in elementary schools) is only suited for gentlemen's sons" is misleading. Everyone acquainted with the elementary schools knows that the curriculum is confined to the three R's, some geography and history, drawing, singing, needlework for the girls, lessons on common things, manual training for boys, and cookery and domestic economy for girls, together with the "brushwork," etc., which Mr. Hughes denounces, and in the denunciation of which I entirely agree with him. Further, the introduction of such subjects as botany, chemistry, book-keeping, etc., except in the case of specially organised higher schools, is to be deprecated for obvious reasons.

As regards Mr. Hughes's indictment of the teaching of the three R's, certainly there seems to be ground for complaint. In 1909 Mr. Acland, speaking in the House of Commons, said that "although the Army was getting a far better quality of recruits generally than years ago, yet their education was extremely defective: 74 per cent. were below Standard IV. in the elementary schools." It is said now that many of the men in hospitals are unable to read, or can read only with difficulty.

The reason for this failure in the case of those who have attended elementary schools is not far to seek. It is largely due to the evil of large classes (of 60 children), the employment of unqualified teachers, the substitution too exclusively of inspection for examination; and to children having left school and only reached a low standard. The casual employment of young children and the abominable half-time system have also much to answer for.

The raising of the school-age and establishment of day continuation classes should effect a great improvement.

That "the product of the elementary school is of very little use from a commercial point of view" is not to be deplored. The function of the elementary school is not to specialise with the child to meet the views of any trade or occupation, but to equip the child with Huxley's knife and fork, and form his character.

Mr. Hughes declares that "the whole trend of modern elementary education has been to prepare children for admission to Secondary Schools." According to my experience, so far from this being the case, I should say insufficient attention was given to promising scholars, and that the number of Secondary Schools is inadequate.

Mr. Hughes goes on to say "when they do leave the only schools that are available to them, all that they do possess is a small smattering of many subjects, but the real knowledge of none." It may be said, however, that the great majority leave school with the ability to read and write with ease, and to perform with accuracy such arithmetic as enters into ordinary life, together with some knowledge of geography and history, and in the case of boys, with knowledge of the simple mechanical laws and the nature of common things: the girls turned out good needlewomen and with some knowledge of cookery, domestic economy, etc.

The best testimony to the general efficiency of the work done in the elementary schools appears to me to be shown in the intelligence, resourcefulness and conduct of the men in our Army.

Mr. Hughes says "the curriculum of the elementary school should be more practical." He seems to be unaware of how much is done by means of the manual centres for boys and the classes I have mentioned for girls.

Unquestionably further practical training is greatly to be desired, and it seems probable that in the future it will be best provided in the towns by bringing the schools to the workshops and factories, instead of attempting to provide it in the schools. In the country, where the organisation of day continuation schools would be difficult, perhaps the old system of apprenticeships might be revived.

In most villages a blacksmith, a wheelwright, a carpenter, and shoemaker are to be found, who might take lads as apprentices, a small premium being paid, and in the same way landowners and farmers could afford facilities for the training in farm work, the care of horses and gardening. Girls might be apprenticed for dairy work and such occupations as dress-making, they might also acquire a knowledge of laundry and cookery if allowed to study these mysteries in the laundries and kitchens of great houses.

E. A. HELPS.

Coleshill, Bucks.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Lord Bryce's Hanging Committee on the Peers is exciting very little interest, for everybody recognises that the price to be paid for the Labour Party's support of the War is the wrecking of the British Constitution. From the very moment in August, 1914, when the Solemn League and Covenant called the Party Truce was arranged on the floor of the House of Commons the Labour leaders have never ceased to exploit the "greatest war in history" for their own sectional and selfish purposes. Whether after transforming and degrading the House of Commons by means of the Franchise Act and turning the House of Lords into a Senate they will be content to stop, one cannot foretell, but certainly if they choose to denounce the monarchy as hereditary and non-democratic, and therefore anomalous, it will be rather difficult to resist the attack! Remember, the British Constitution is a concrete whole rather than an assemblage of different parts, and, if two-thirds of it are revolutionised, it is not easy to see how the remaining third can be preserved.

The sad thing is, as you have pointed out, that these changes are so unnecessary. Had the Labour leaders been told at the beginning that, since the wage-earners had far more to fear than the capitalists from German domination, it was for them to decide whether we should have war or peace, there would have been really no trouble at all: but to allow them to insist

upon revolution as the reward of their patriotism was an act of folly for which we are not unlikely to pay by national bankruptcy.

As for the Peers themselves, no other class has made such sacrifices for the country as they have, while the whole course of the War shows conclusively that for national purposes an aristocratic form of Government is infinitely the most effective. Whatever the faults of the Junkers—and these are many and great—it is mainly their supreme self-confidence and habit of Government which enables Germany to withstand the world in arms, while without the strengthening element of aristocracy Austria-Hungary would have been knocked out more than three years ago. Again, with our regular army reduced in strength in deference to Radical opinion, the Territorial system was of infinite value at the beginning of the War, and that system owed much of its virtue to the zeal and example of patriotic Peers. If America has taken a year to get into harness it is largely because she lacks the quickening influence of aristocracy, while in regard to France it was the democratic factiousness of her politics and lack of a strong leading class which made her so helpless in the face of German aggression.

It is no use, however, crying over spilt milk, and lamenting the self-immolation of the Peers; all we can do is to make them understand clearly that when they have sold their estates and crowded into the purlieus of Pimlico they must drop all the trappings and trumpery of hereditary rank, including titles. The English public hates shams and will make short work of the notion, by which many Peers seem obsessed, that to adopt, slightly altered the words of the old saw: "When land is gone and money spent, then titles are most excellent."

Yours faithfully,

C. F. RYDER.

Scarcroft, near Leeds.

ON WAR-TIME MANNERS.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—There is an expression used to declare that if a man who is dead could know how quickly the ideals for which he had striven had been shattered—how soon the serious work of his life had been undone, or how his autocratic domination of the family circle had been ridiculed, "he would turn in his grave." Manners are at their lowest ebb in these days, and the thought is suggested how often that early exponent of manners, William of Wykeham, must have turned in his grave. The founder of Winchester College, he bequeathed it the great heraldic motto "Manners makyth Man"—and set an example which Winchester scholars have maintained through many centuries. In using the word "manners" William of Wykeham no doubt meant to convey more than the outward exhibition of form in the custom of the country. Manners were to be the expression of an inward grace—as Marcus Aurelius puts it—"Your manners will depend very much upon the quality of what you frequently think on: for the soul is tinged and coloured with the complexion of thought."

It is often said that women are largely responsible for the present "slackness in manners"; that a woman receives from a man just that measure of politeness which she deserves, and that she does not exact a high standard of courtesy. "All manners take a tincture from our own," but it is doubtful if any woman can permanently influence the manners of a man of forty, unless it be by the tie of love. It is in the earliest days of childhood that manners can be taught, and it is in the upbringing of their children that women have failed. Puppies and colts are broken in and taught "good manners"—a chance that is often denied to the human young. There was an axiom in the Victorian days that children should be seen and not heard. In the Edwardian days children were particularly heard, and prominently seen. No "close season" was

theirs. Small opportunity was given them for the development of their most lovable qualities, for they were always before the public. The infant prodigy, and there was some excuse when necessity compelled it to become an early bread winner, was exploited on the stage or on the concert platform; was brought prominently forward as a "programme seller" at a society function, and was taken to race meetings, besides being expected to be able to express original opinions on matters which their elders were discussing at the dinner table. It was the very apotheosis of Youth, and no time was left in which to learn good manners, or to grow up with any manners at all. Gradually they are becoming obsolete, and soon the man with old-fashioned courteous manners will be remembered only as a specimen worthy of a place in the Natural History Museum.

The nervous strain and mental excitement caused by the war have no doubt had their effect on public manners, and there is a feeling abroad, of a general participation in a struggle in which only the fittest survive. "*Sauve qui peut*." Observe the behaviour of a "queue" waiting for an omnibus; the jostling, pushing, shoving—the lack of courtesy to the old, and frequently the ribald and insolent comments of the conductor. Notice the look of almost pleasure on the face of a saleswoman who barely takes the trouble to see if she can satisfy her customer's requirements. Recently an elderly gentleman, a type of the "*grande dame*," enquired for a certain article in a Regent Street shop. The "young lady" remarked "It can't be got now," but on the approach of a shop-walker added "I'll go and look in the stock-room downstairs." Passing a long mirror, she stopped to arrange a curl and to steady a rebellious collar. Then followed a chat with another "young lady," and both disappeared. Minutes passed; the customer rose to leave, then sat down again. More minutes passed, whereupon the shop-walker said languidly "The young lady will be back directly," but took no steps to see whether there was any justification for his assertion. "When the young lady returns please tell her the old woman could wait no longer," was the reply. The door closed, and the shop was empty.

"*Autres temps autres mœurs*," and the leisured bow, the graceful wave of a lace handkerchief, the dilettante manners of the days of Charles II. would be sadly out of place in these times of stern reality. But where have gone all those little courtesies of only yesterday? The man who walks on the outside of the footpath when escorting a lady, who takes off his hat in a lift, removes his cigar when speaking to a woman, offers the easy chair, and opens the drawing room door; the woman who talks in a quiet voice, shows deference for old age, and refrains from performing the little details of face toilette in public, and does not rest half her body on the restaurant table. Where have they gone, this man, and this woman? Do they belong to the past, or have they only "gone under" for the moment, swamped in the great social revolution of the twentieth century? The servant is now master, and "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," are the catchwords of the hour. They are noble aspirations, but would be nobler still if clad in the conventional garments of courtesy and good manners.

"Courtesy is not a falsehood or grimace; it need not be such. 'Bending before men' is a recognition that there does dwell in that presence of our Brother, Something Divine."

H. M. ROMER.

THERAPEUTIC ABSOLUTION.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—According to Goethe, mankind are :—

"Always the same; they never scent the devil,
Even when he has them by the nape of the neck."

With their experience since the war and at the present

time, of the Ministry of Food, and the numerous similar bureaucratic institutions with their octopus-like tentacles in the form of auxiliary departments, the people, one would have thought, would have had enough of bureaucracy for the present. But bureaucracy is in the air, and is clearly a paying system to a numerous class who have the shrewdness to

"Fill their cups when golden showers are raining."
So the Ministry of Health, a colossal venture in medical bureaucracy has been projected by the hierarchs of medical science.

Some hold that one of the few foolish things Dr. Johnson said was "that people could be made moral by act of Parliament." What would he say were he alive now, to find the prohibitive influence of punitive legislation, by which he held people could be deterred from immoral actions, superseded by curative science? The legislature is now relieved of any such obligation, except in a quite indirect way. It has but to establish the Ministry of Health, and morality will follow simply as an inevitable sequence.

"Because health of mind, health of body, and health of conduct are frequently interdependent, and it means that 'healthy' and 'holy' are two forms of the same word": says Dr. Saleeby in his seventh reason for having a Ministry of Health.

The hierarchs of certain religious systems have ever taught their followers that all that is necessary on their part is simply to believe. So with the ethico-therapeutics of the hierarchs of the Ministry of Health, the public will be required only to believe, and without inquiry or argument, submit to vaccination and inoculation with the prophylactic and therapeutic vaccines and serums decreed by them.

In other words, the machinations of the kingdom of evil will no longer be able to assume the terrestrial form and relation through human beings as their mediums of expression, science having raised the human system to a vice-proof level, and this world to an immunising station.

We have all heard of the boatman who believed in faith and works, and who, to convince a friend who believed in faith only, painted on one oar the word "faith" and on the other "works," and asked his friend to come for a row. He rowed into midstream, and then plied one oar only, with the result that the boat rotated *in statu quo*. On his friend asking what was wrong, he said, "Oh, I am using faith without works."

If people can become contaminated with the disease Dr. Saleeby refers to in his sixth reason for a Ministry of Health, and, by quick recourse to injections of salvarsan or its substitutes, be made as if they had not, i.e., healthy in the holy sense irrespective of the concurrence of their moral will, then ethics as a department of psychology is superseded by chemotherapeutics.

I am, Sir, Yours truly,

MAURICE L. JOHNSON.

26, St. Paul's Road, Clifton, Bristol.

THE RED CROSS NECKLACE.

To the Editor of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—We see that in your columns several letters have appeared discussing the eventual disposal of the Red Cross Pearl Necklace. The Committee feel that it is much too early yet to state any definite policy as to the future. We are appealing in the Indian Press and personally to many of the Indian Rajahs, and it must be some considerable time before we get any response, and we shall be extremely obliged to you if you could refrain from publishing any letters discussing our future policy.

Thanking you in anticipation,

BASIL OXENDEN,
Hon. Secretary.

REVIEWS.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

A History of American Literature. Edited by W. P. Trent, T. Erskine, S. P. Sherman, and C. Van Doren. Vol. I. Cambridge University Press. 15s. net.

THIS work appeals to three distinct sections of the public. The first requires something in the nature of an encyclopedia in which some mention of even the obscurest writers will be found; the American reader will naturally turn to it for a considered survey of the intellectual life of his country as it is expressed in its literary output, whether this may be classed as real *belles lettres*, as over-ambitious attempts, or as works of plain utility; the British public will welcome anything which tends to give it a fuller and truer knowledge of those writers of American origin who have left their mark on European thought or English literature. Speaking, for two of these sections, we may say that the 'Cambridge History of American Literature' fully answers all demands upon it.

The volume before us is divided into two sections: the first covers the Colonial and Revolutionary Period: the second, left unfinished here, carries the story up to about 1850. A purely literary history would have little to say of the first of these periods, for the men who left England were the least likely of any to produce a literature, in any sense of the word that can be imagined. They were not pre-occupied with form, except as enemies of the accepted: they scorned the graces; they had wilfully abandoned ease and comfort, to escape the silken duress which ease and comfort imply: they hated art, not for art's sake, but instinctively, because they scented in art the incipient odour of decay. So in all their writings we are conscious of a hard, bitter edge, scorning any attempt to propitiate the reader, presenting truth not merely naked, but flayed. Their divines are their best writers, their politicians come next, then *longo intervallo* Benjamin Franklin, the rest nowhere.

The early national literature of the United States begins under new influences. Up to the Revolution, intercourse with Europe, so far as literature was concerned, was of a very limited nature, as the pages of this history testify. Addison and Steele were the models which writing in America proposed to itself; long after essay-writing was extinct here, and poetry was as belated in its acceptance of new forms and impulses, while the drama, though very sensitive in recording the life around it, did not produce anything worth preserving before the Civil War, though several American plays were transferred to London with some success. The new influences were those of revolution on religion, and of the Romantic Revival on letters.

As religion was the one intellectual interest of provincial America, and the Bible its main reading, it was in religious experimental thought that the intellect found its most congenial exercise. The chapter on Transcendentalism, by Professor Goddard, shows how a world-wide movement found a peculiarly favourable forcing ground in New England. Names of European reputation abound in its annals, Alcott, Parker, and Margaret Fuller, and in a wider sense, Emerson, the greatest name in the American Literature of the nineteenth century.

The Romantic Revival, with Scott as its protagonist, moulded imaginative literature in prose and verse. Longfellow and his contemporaries apart, the study of whom is reserved for a later volume, the output of verse is small, and its quality mediocre. Bryant is the only verse writer of any account treated, and, though he has lines of haunting beauty, they are side by side with lines so unmusical as

Why so slow,

Gentle and voluble spirit of the air?

In prose Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper, and Herman Melville are authors of European fame, the charm of whose writing, in their various degrees, never fails. Irving was, in fact, the first American writer to win a public outside his own country, first because of

his subject matter, which won him a hearing not only in England but on the Continent, but still more for the graceful suavity of his style and the whimsical turn of his mind. Cooper has attained distinction in two directions; he has written perhaps the finest Indian stories in literature, and the best sea stories in the world, free from the excesses which deprive Marryat of that honour, and not equalled by any later writer. His stories of American domestic life are marred by an undertone of controversy, and his novels of European society are almost beneath contempt. Herman Melville stands in a class by himself, allied on the one hand to Borrow, on the other to Laurence Oliphant. 'Moby Dick,' though no one could speak of it as one of the great stories of the world, would hardly be given up for any other book of its size. 'Omoo' and 'Typee' are universal favourites; but some of his other works, such as 'Mardi' or 'The Confidence Man,' are whimsicality carried to the verge of impossibility.

On every consideration, we must pronounce a favourable verdict on this monumental work. It is well, and better than well, that at this juncture educated Englishmen should make themselves familiar with what are become the commonplaces of American thought as shown in the rise and development of their literature. All the familiar lines of 'The Cambridge History of English Literature' are scrupulously followed out, with the single exception that a different fount of type is used. The bibliographies are as full as those in the English History, and a little more accurate, though some of the entries have obviously not been made from the books, for example, Simms's 'Pelayo,' which was published under the pseudonym of "Isabel."

'THE ROMANCE OF COMMERCE.'

The Romance of Commerce. By H. Gordon Selfridge. John Lane. 10/6 net.

WE are a nation of shopkeepers; it is the more remarkable therefore that we have to thank a gentleman who is not an Englishman by birth for a book so admirably produced as Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge's. The "decent reticence in our tailor, our bootmaker," demanded by Macaulay is out of date; press puffs have changed all that; and there again Mr. Selfridge has employed an originality that has charmed the readers of the evening newspapers—to a smile. We congratulate him on sparing neither trouble nor expense in searching out facts and antique engravings bearing on the historical side of the Romance of Commerce. The successful trader anxious for a place in art or literature is familiar enough. The Jones collection at South Kensington is due to the tailor of taste turned connoisseur; the pathetic picture-gallery in the foundation that bears his name sets Holloway of the Pills among the aspirants; Sir John Lubbock was a Man of Science in the City, a financier among Men of Science, the man of literature among the unlettered classes; and the success of each in his pose is a measure of his taste. Yet a complex personality unfortunately recalls our friend Captain Kettle, who, when he was not at sea engaged in the West African Trade, or loosing off a necessary revolver, was sitting in his aged mother's front parlour at Shields playing Methodist hymns on an accordion. Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge is a collector, as his illustrations bear witness, and collecting has its weak points; otherwise an early map of Phœnicia "in the possession of the Author" would have been replaced by one from a modern classical atlas; the engraving of Lord Chief Justice King by a reproduction of the portrait in the National Portrait Gallery; but then we should not have known that Mr. Selfridge had the others. So it is all for the best, and they are very good engravings, beautifully reproduced. It is hard to imagine a more interesting book for the public to read or the student to annotate. The more we know of, for example, the Fuggers and the Medicis, or the part played in history by such merchants as Gresham and de la Pole, the better. It is an aspect of history usually omitted by the historian, and the omission is due to neglect of the wider sides of his sub-

ject as complete as that by the statesmen and legislators, who, as Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge reminds us, were satirized by Samuel Butler in one of the profoundest chapters of 'Erewhon.' Nevertheless, Mr. Selfridge, misses, we think, one essential aspect of his theme. It was the Merchant-Adventurer, not the retail trader on however large a scale, who really advanced this country and the world. Hence his quotation from Defoe on "the upbuilding powers of Commerce" (the phrase is Mr. Selfridge's, not Defoe's) is misapplied. Commerce Defoe admired: 'The Compleat Tradesman' is his measure of the shopkeeper, and it can hardly be defined as hero-worship. This difference takes the sting from Mr. Selfridge's remarks about the snobbery of the days of George IV., when Evan Harrington hesitated to appear as the son of the Great Mel. Mel was not a merchant, but a retail tailor, a "cutting taylor" like the despised father of William Exelby in 1603, whose case is analysed by Mr. Selfridge and of itself disposes of his contention that at no other period could Evan "have blushed so confusedly to find himself identified." If Mr. Selfridge will have further evidence as to the difference between the two branches of trade we recommend him to study 'Evelina'; Fanny Burney was no aristocrat—she had not been near the Court when she wrote—but the retailer, the *petit bourgeois*, had no charm for her. The annotator will have plenty to do in the chapter which discusses the trade of Greece without a reference to coin standards, or to the commercial value of the "Athenian Owl" which kept that city's coinage rude and unchanged at a date when exquisite works of art were being produced as coin types by small and obscure States. And Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge might have reminded his readers that Aristotle kept a druggist's shop in Athens and Plato sold oil in Egypt. "The Chinese (p. 19) do almost everything in the opposite way to the Occidental." Here we have an (unconscious) echo of Herodotus on Egypt, just as, eight pages further on, Mr. Selfridge's approval of the precedent of the great burning of Chinese literature in 213 B.C. suggests an interesting parallel with the Mahomedan verdict on the Library of Alexandria: all right learning was contained in the Koran; if there were anything in the Library not so contained it was unnecessary or injurious; therefore there was no use in keeping the Library. We may remark also that the "friendly relations" with the rest of the world with which the Phœnicians are credited are not conspicuous in the classical history of Sicily and Western Europe generally.

The student of English literature will add a reference to Elia when he reads that pigs are among the important products of the Chinese Empire; another to that "Mockery of a river—liquid artifice—wretched conduit"—in the account of Sir Hugh Myddelton and the New River; he will note that it is impossible to write a chapter on William Canynge of Bristol without a single reference to Chatterton and the Rowley poems; he will put in a reference to Milton's "Isles of Ternate and Tidore whence merchants bring their spicy drugs," when he reads the account of the Clove Islands, Maquain, Motir, Tidore, and Ternate, on p. 233. The section on the Fantastic in Trade might well have mentioned Dumas' 'Tulipe Noire' and an account of the South Sea Bubble; but what is here said of Law's Mississippi Scheme will explain Pope's horror of

"Blest paper credit, last and best supply,
That gives corruption lighter wings to fly."

From de la Pole to the elder Peel the English

merchant-adventurer has played a proud part in history, and Mr. Selfridge has done well to remind us of the fact. Edward III.'s debt to the Lombard bankers is not touched on, but his wars were largely financed by de la Pole, who, like Whittington, Walworth and others, used the powers of the purse to extract from the King special privileges; it was William Patterson again who did much to bring about the Union of England and Scotland; while the author wisely refers to the immense importance of the herring in Northern European commerce, he is perhaps a little unfair to Sir John Hawkins in the matter of the Slave Trade. Hawkins was not behind his time, and cannot be judged by modern standards; unlike that Methodist divine the Reverend John Newton, Cowper's tormentor, who in an age when Boswell was condemning the traffic and Granville Sharpe was moving heaven and earth to stop it, consoled himself with the thought that his losses in the matter were the will of Heaven, which doubtless saw that an increase of wealth would not be good for him at that time. Finally, *pace* Mr. Selfridge, the department store is certainly not the descendant of the merchant adventurer, or the counterpart of the chartered company; it is the expansion of the retail trader into the retail system. There is a profound difference between the creation of, or providing of new sources or means of production, and the ministering to, and even creation of, wants, necessary and unnecessary, the main function of a great retail store. But it is to the most recent exponent of retail distribution that we owe a beautiful book and our gratitude is enhanced by the attractive though ebullient style. Lucrezia de Medici was, according to Mr. Selfridge, a lady "charmingly literary in her tastes," and he has taken her as a model. The misprints *Militos* (p. 46) and *Colicut* (p. 61) are trivial faults. As a Modern of the Moderns Mr. Selfridge will probably despise a classical quotation. We present him nevertheless with one which may serve as a motto when his arms come to be blazoned like those of Lord Rothermere, Sir Thomas Lipton and Sir James Horlick cited in the book, and he too shall have attained that upper air of knighthood, baronetcy or peerage which are the "natural culmination of a successful business career (p. 287)—*Hoc opus, hic labor est.*

OZIAS HUMPHRY.

Life and Works of Ozias Humphry, R.A. Illustrated. By Dr. George C. Williamson. 63s. net. Lane.

"SOME are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

Dr Williamson has made a brave attempt to thrust greatness upon Ozias Humphry by compiling a huge and handsome volume on the artist's life and works.

It will be remembered that a considerable notoriety played around the name of Ozias Humphry some months back when at the end of a sensational lawsuit he was finally and dramatically proved to have been the author of a large portrait group of two ladies, previously attributed to Romney and sold as such for a large sum of money to an American millionaire.

How many people before this affair had ever heard of Ozias Humphry? Students, of course, of the early British School of painting were aware that he was a member of the Royal Academy towards the end of the eighteenth century, and to collectors of miniatures he was known as the author of dainty and pleasing

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though rather weak, examples of that art usually distinguished by his quaint monogram consisting of an H inside an O. His name has never ranked with those of the masters of English miniature painting of the eighteenth century, Cosway, Plimer, Engleheart, or Smart. Yet Dr. Williamson and his publisher, Mr. John Lane, have honoured his memory by the production of a sumptuous monograph containing a wealth of detail and a number of excellent reproductions such as make one regret that the subject was not one of greater importance and interest.

Apart from his art, Humphry seems to have been one of those tiresome people to whom almost any scrap of paper with writing on it is sacred and must be religiously preserved. He was also thoroughly imbued with his own importance, and so he not only carefully retained every letter that he received, but also kept copies of most of those that he wrote. Besides this he prepared at least two rough drafts for an autobiography which he intended to write. All this mass of papers Humphry left at his death to his natural son, William Upcott, who not only added to the collection of documents referring to his father, but became a great collector of autographs and manuscripts generally. To this vast accumulation of material, now preserved in the Royal Academy library, the British Museum and elsewhere, Dr. Williamson has had access, and from it he has extracted and published in this volume much that is valuable to the history of art and much that might, without loss, have been left to its eternal slumber on the shelves of the library.

Incidentally, it was during the progress of this laborious research that Dr. Williamson discovered the drawing of the Ladies Waldegrave, which served as indisputable evidence to prove that the picture attributed to Romney was really painted by Ozias Humphry. Both the picture and the drawing are reproduced in the book, and the theory is advanced that Romney may have painted the extended arm of one of the ladies represented and also some of the drapery. This may conceivably be true, as the two painters were close friends and not the least interesting portion of the book is that connected with their friendship and their travels together in Italy.

Humphry had a roving disposition; he stayed in Italy about four years, returning to London in 1777, and in January, 1785, he went to India, where during the three following years he painted many miniatures, both of British residents and native princes. Financially this expedition was not a success, and the artist returned to England a disappointed and embittered man, and his correspondence after his journey to India bears evidence of much quarrelling and wrangling with various sitters concerning his claims for payment of their portraits.

Of Humphry's last years, the most interesting episode was his friendship with that extraordinary and baffling genius, William Blake. It seems almost incredible that a man who in his own work was so thoroughly academic, so entirely lacking in true originality should have been among the few of his contemporaries to appreciate the paintings of Blake, refused again and again at the Royal Academy and the British Institution, and looked upon by most people at that period as "an unscientific and irregular eccentricity, a madman's scrawls." Yet the fact remains and is acknowledged by Blake himself that Humphry encouraged and recommended him, and obtained for him at least one commission, that of the well-known water colour of "The Last Judgment."

A greater contrast between the art of two men it would be impossible to conceive; Blake all temperament, all imagination, exuberant of conception, a master of line and design; Humphry "bourgeois" in the extreme, conventional in composition, timid in colour and execution, a mediocre artist, wholly unworthy of the vast amount of labour entailed by the production of Dr. Williamson's beautiful book.



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Is it any use going for treatment if a risk of infection has been taken and before symptoms appear?

Yes. If early treatment is given by the Doctor *within a few hours* it is overwhelmingly probable that the disease can be prevented altogether.

How long does Gonorrhœa last?

It may be three weeks or three years—or even a lifetime, if neglected. Much depends upon prompt treatment and the conscientious carrying out of the Doctor's orders.

How long does Syphilis last?

Two years upwards before the patient can be finally cured. It can be dealt with effectively *if treated early*, but if it is neglected and reaches the later stages the disease affects the entire body, and the patient may become a wreck for life. "Eaten up with Syphilis" is not merely a term of speech but a literal fact.

If these facts were more widely known there would be an immediate decrease in these terrible diseases.

But what is actually happening? Ignorance is taking its awful toll of innocent victims. Men who imagine themselves cured marry and pass on the disease to their brides, so that Marriage itself becomes a tragedy. Others delay treatment until cure is almost impossible. Parents, in their ignorance, pass on inherited Syphilis or Gonorrhœa to their children.

These things may shock you. If they do, is it not time to help? Can you look on and allow them to happen, or will you take your part in stamping out Venereal Diseases by supporting the National Council?

Large funds are needed to safeguard the innocent and to enlighten the ignorant; to promote the setting up of free treatments and to prevent the spread of infection. Will you assist by sending a cheque in support of this important National work?

Cheques should be made payable to Major DARWIN, Hon. Treasurer, and be forwarded to National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row London, W.C.1.

How long is it before the symptoms develop?

In the case of Syphilis, usually ten days to six weeks. In the case of Gonorrhœa, three days to ten days.

Can a parent pass on disease to the children?

Yes. Syphilis is the commonest cause of miscarriage. When the children are born alive they are saturated with the disease, may become physical and mental degenerates, and often die young. A very large number are born or become blind as the result of Gonorrhœa.

Are Venereal Diseases serious?

Syphilis is one of the chief of the "killing diseases." It also leads to all kinds of dangerous complications. It is one of the most important of the maiming diseases, and it shortens life by the dangerous complications which it causes. One half of the blindness in the country is due to Gonorrhœa. This disease is also a frequent cause of sterility in men and women.

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CRUELTY AND COLOUR.

King at Arms. By Marjorie Bowen. Methuen. 6s. net.

MISS BOWEN has, as is generally the case, been fortunate in selecting a subject which gives full scope to her gift for the vivid representation of historical characters and their environment. She is not perhaps quite so happy in the moment of publication. Tsar Peter's great achievement in consolidating the Russian nation, and the founding of the city called by his name are themes less attractive to English readers now than they would have been a year ago.

The hero of the book is technically Charles of Sweden, to whom is assigned the major share in the action; yet the great Tsar throughout commands our sympathies. Half savage and half reformer, torn by the furies of hereditary disease and crime, yet true through every sacrifice to an ennobling purpose, pathetic in his childlike dependence on the encouragement of wife and friend, he stands before us as one to whom many sins will be forgiven. His Swedish rival, on the other hand, is unwavering in his indifference to the love of man or woman, and his cold, hard concentration on dreams of barren conquest, having no object but the satisfaction of his own egotistic ambition. We cannot but feel that there must needs have been a more human side to his nature, possibly suppressed by Miss Bowen in the interests of dramatic contrast. Scant justice is done to the abilities of Katherina, the peasant empress; the only female character of much account being Aurora Königsmarck, the Saxon Elector's favourite.

Cruelty and colour are two factors never absent from this author's novels, and they are not wanting here. For the first she has recourse, curiously enough, not to the annals of her Russian protagonist, but to Charles the Twelfth's one recorded barbarity—his vengeance on the rebel Patkul. For the second

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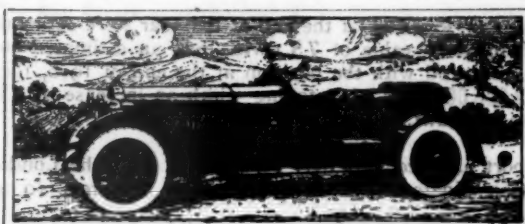
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Extracted from the Annual Report for the year ended 31st December, 1917.

	Tons Crushed 1,298,000		Per Ton, based on tonnage crushed.
Total Working Revenue	£1,930,656 14 0		£1 9 9
Total Working Costs	1,236,741 3 2		0 19 1
Working Profit	£693,915 10 10		£0 10 8
Total Profit for year	£709,452 3 7		
Balance unappropriated at 31st December, 1916	280,497 18 10		
			£989,950 2 5

This amount has been dealt with as follows:—

Government of the Union of South Africa, share of profits	£230,033 0 6		
Income-Tax and Special War Levy, Miners' Phthisis Contributions, Dona- tion to War Charities and Interest	19,807 11 7		
Development prior to production— Written off	418,777 3 1		668,617 15 2
			£321,332 7 3
Dividend No. 1 of 12½ per cent.	£175,000 0 0		
Leaving a balance unappropriated of	£146,332 7 3		

The Payable Ore Reserves at the end of the year were estimated at 7,016,000 stoping tons of an assay value of 7.5 dwts. over an estimated stoping width of 79 inches. As compared with the position at the end of 1916, the reserves show an increase of 2,086,000 tons, the stoping width an increase of 4 inches, and the value an increase of 3 dwt.

The full report and accounts may be obtained from the London Agents, The Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, 10 and 11, Austin Friars, E.C.2.

she charms us with glowing pictures of gorgeous, semi-barbaric costumes—stained indeed sometimes with grease, and sticky from much consumption of sweets.

TWO WAR STORIES.

The Last Bout. By Rosamund Southey. Duckworth. 6s. net.

WAR-TIME conditions have admittedly an exasperating effect on the nerves of most people, and it is, no doubt, one consequence of this that we are inclined, perhaps unreasonably, to resent the application of methods hitherto associated with romantic fiction to the most terrible reality which our generation has known. We do not like to find the night attack on Landrecies sandwiched between episodes of amatory intrigues and jealousy. We could feel kindly disposed towards a heroine travestied in male attire for the purpose of digging or ambulance driving. But she leaves us cold when the disguise is assumed in order that she may more easily play Judith to the Holofernes of a German Colonel credited with murderous designs upon her beloved. Yet the story

has life, movement and interest. The background changes continually, from Austria to France, and anon to London; but in every case it is vividly dashed in. The habitual triangular group of romance is rearranged in due conformity with time and circumstance. Thus the noble lady is an Englishwoman, widow of an Austrian count, in possession of estates near the Italian frontier. The devout lover, a British officer, is held in enemy territory at the outbreak of the war. His rival, the villain, is no other than the Colonel of Uhlans already mentioned. The subsidiary characters, who are of both sexes and varying nationalities, do not call for any special notice.

The Women Who Wait! By Mary Marlowe. Simpkin. 6s. net.

THIS is also a war novel, and apparently aims at showing that for our women at home as for their men in the field the fiery ordeal which is to try them may be but a passage to higher things than they have yet known. A negligent wife aroused to wholehearted devotion and a West End clairvoyante who abandons her lucrative practice to serve as a nurse in

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Extracted from the Annual Report for the year ended
31st December, 1917.

Tons Crushed, 517,870				Per Ton, based on tonnage crushed.	
Total Working Revenue	£1,129,892 7 2	£2 3 7	
Total Working Costs	505,901 0 10	0 19 6	
Working Profit	£623,991 6 4	£1 4 1	
Total Profit for year	£637,964 1 5	
Balance unappropriated at 31st December, 1916	172,334 13 9	
				£810,298 15 2	
This amount has been dealt with as follows :—					
Income Tax and Special War Levy, Miners' Phthisis Contributions, Donations to War Charities and Depreciation				81,323 18 9	
				£728,974 16 5	
Dividends declared during the year :—Nos. 8 of 20 per cent. and No. 9 of 22½ per cent.					
				508,679 2 0	
Leaving a balance unappropriated of				£220,295 14 5	

The Payable Ore Reserves at the end of the year were estimated at 2,258,598 stoping tons, having an assay value of 8.9 dwts. over a stoping width of 67 inches. As compared with the position a year ago, this shows an increase of 89,747 tons; a decrease of 1 inch in the stoping width, and an improvement in value of .2 dwt.

The full report and accounts may be obtained from the London Agents, The Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, 10 and 11, Austin Friars, E.C.2.

France are the examples used in illustration of this thesis. Of these two types the second is by far the best drawn. Madame Corèze, alias Lena Fitzgerald, with her religious aspirations, her kind-heartedness, her charlatanerie, and her occasional flashes of genuine telepathic power, is a human and appealing figure. Clare Innes, the converted wife, is less successful, and we find it difficult to believe that anyone with so much capacity for good could have played the sorry part assigned to her in the beginning of the story. The masculine characters, whether strong, silent heroes or fascinating villains, belong, more or less, to the lady novelist's traditional equipment. The author is certainly on the side of the angels, and has the gift—invaluable nowadays—of soothing rather than irritating.

LATEST PUBLICATIONS.

A Survey of International Relations between the United States and Germany (James Brown Scott). Oxford University Press, N.Y. 21s. net.
Applied Optics (J. W. French). Blackie. 12s. 6d. net.
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British Artists at the Front (Sir John Lavery). Newnes. 5s. net.

Coal and Candle Light (Helen Parry Eden). John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.
Cargo (S. Barrington Gates). Blackwell. 2s. 6d. net.
Demeter (Eleanor Deane Hill). Blackwell. 2s. 6d. net.
Eminent Victorians (Lytton Strachey). Chatto & Windus. 10s. net.
Finance and Trade under Edward III. (Edited by G. Unwin). Manchester University Press. 15s. net.
Front Lines (Boyd Cable). Murray. 6s. net.
From Snotty to Sub (By the authors of From Dartmouth to the Dardanelles). Heinemann. 1s. 6d. net.
Government and the War (Spenser Wilkinson). Constable. 6s. net.
Hearts of Ice (Fergus Hume). Hurst & Blackett. 6s. net.
Motley and Other Poems (Walter De La Mare). Constable. 3s. 6d. net.
Nelson's History of the War (Vol. xix.) (John Buchan). Nelson. 1s. 6d. net.
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Quite So Stories (W. Hodgson Burnet). Cassell. 1s. 6d. net.
Rebel Verses (Bernard Gilbert). Blackwell. 1s. 6d. net.
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31st December, 1917.

	Tons Crushed, 451,015		Per Ton, based on tonnage crushed.
Total Working Revenue	£561,268 14 1		£1 4 10
Total Working Costs	390,061 4 1		0 17 3
Working Profit	£171,207 10 0		£0 7 7
Total Profit for year	£191,392 6 9		
Balance unappropriated at 31st December, 1916	86,661 8 4		
			£278,053 15 1
This amount has been dealt with as follows:—			
Income Tax and Special War Levy, Miners' Phthisis Contributions, Donations to War Charities and Expenditure repairing damages caused by Dump slide			32,558 11 8
			£245,495 3 5
Dividends declared during the year:—No. 26 of 20 per cent.			
and No. 27 of 15 per cent.			164,368 15 0
Leaving a balance unappropriated of			£81,126 8 5

The Payable Ore Reserves at the end of the year were estimated at 1,317,900 stopping tons, having an assay value of 6.4 dwts. over a stopping width of 69 inches.

The full report and accounts may be obtained from the London Agents, The Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, 10 and 11, Austin Friars, E.C.2.

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S. B. JOEL.

J. H. CROSBY.

J. FRIEDLANDER.

G. IMROTH.

C. MARX.

E. DANCKWERTS.

Extracted from the Annual Report for the year ended 31st December, 1917.

	Tons Crushed, 585,650		Per Ton, based on tonnage crushed.
Total Working Revenue	£728,945 16 3		£1 4 11
Total Working Costs	500,929 3 7		0 17 1
Working Profit	£228,016 12 8		£0 7 10
Total Profit for the year			£231,225 14 10
Balance unappropriated at 31st December, 1916			98,627 3 4
			£329,852 18 2

This amount has been dealt with as follows:—

Income Tax and Special War Levy, Debenture Interest and
expenses, Miners' Phthisis Contributions, Donations to
War Charities and Depreciation £104,520 13 5

£225,332 4 9

Dividends declared during the year:—No. 8 of 10 per cent. and
No. 9 of 7½ per cent. 166,250 0 0

Leaving a balance unappropriated of £59,082 4 9

The Payable Ore Reserves at the end of the year were estimated to amount to
2,132,778 stopping tons, having an assay value of 6.0 dwts. over a stopping width
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Benefiting materially from industrial activity and the inflation of values, our leading composite insurance companies have latterly made sensational progress, and the large profits realized from underwriting have resulted in greatly increased stability, accompanied by additional payments to shareholders. A notable instance of the improvement which has occurred under war conditions is afforded by the experience of the London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Company, during the last four years. The accounts for 1913 and 1917 show that about the same balance was carried forward at the end of each year, but in the meantime the distribution per annum had been raised from 27s. to 33s. per share, less income-tax, the funds and reserves had increased from £3,286,044 to £4,078,996, and the assets of all sorts had almost doubled. These excellent results were obtained during a period when large sums were having to be written off investments and much higher taxation had to be endured. The profit accounts for the last four years show how, after provision had been made for interest and dividends, the sums received as underwriting profit or interest were disbursed:—

	1914.	1915.	1916.	1917.
	£	£	£	£
Written off investments ...	100,000	85,000	50,000	200,000
Income tax on profits ...	31,425	52,182	84,559	—
Staff Pension Fund ...	10,000	10,000	10,000	10,000
Cost of business acquired ...	—	—	—	182,000
Income tax on profits and provision for excess profits duty	—	—	—	200,000

The above figures undoubtedly suggest that throughout the four years affected by the war the strain on the finances of the company was not only constant, but steadily increased in severity; hence it would not have caused any surprise had the balance on 31 December revealed considerable contraction. As a matter of fact, at £837,189, it now shows a reduction of a little over £9,000 compared with the amount in hand at the end of 1913, although the net cost of securing the important connections of the Marine Insurance Company was evidently paid out of the 1917 profits.

It is not as if the security for policyholders has in any way been weakened. Most amply protected in 1913, they are to-day far more fully secured. Take the fire account in the first place. This shows that, while the reserve for unexpired risks has been maintained on the former basis of 40 per cent. of the year's net premiums, there has been an increase from £100,000 to £400,000 in the amount of the additional reserve; furthermore, this last mentioned reserve has in the case of the accident and general department been increased by 80 per cent. Both these accounts are now much stronger than they were in 1913, and it is also obvious that the businesses they summarize have generally become more remunerative. For the last five years the profit, including interest, carried down from the fire account was as follows:—1913, £177,265; 1914, £98,661; 1915, £133,682; 1916, £168,390; and 1917, £434,903; while in three of these years—1914, 1915, and 1916—a sum of £100,000 was added to the fire fund.

In the case of the accident business, which includes employers' liability transactions abroad—a department of insurance enterprise which has been much unsettled by the war—the experience of the company has been more uncertain, a loss of about £17,375 in 1913 having been succeeded by profits of £101,459, £43,794, £6,214, and £103,496 in the year just closed. These amounts are substantial, but the accounts further show that £50,000 was placed to the accident fund in 1915 and £13,000 and £17,000 in the two following years. In all departments, indeed, the expansion of business under war conditions has proved most remarkable, fire premiums having increased from £1,713,442 to £2,113,560, marine premiums from £218,370 to £551,000, and accident premiums from £683,398 to £832,514. Interest earnings, moreover, have largely increased.

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THE CITY.

The rise in income-tax gives additional attraction to securities whose dividends are paid "free of tax" and to those which have reasonable opportunity of capital appreciation within the next few years. The advantage of the former category is obvious, while in regard to the latter it lies in the fact that capital appreciation is not liable to tax. In selecting "tax-free" securities the purchaser should distinguish between those which carry a definite stipulation that the interest or dividend shall be paid free of tax and those on which the payment of dividends free of tax or subject to tax lies at the discretion of the directors. The number of securities which carry absolute right to tax-free interest is limited. Here is a short list, with approximate present quotations and yields, showing the yield tax-free and the equivalent subject to tax at 6/- in the £:

	Interest p.c.	Price	Tax free yield	Equivalent subject to Tax
Forestral Land 5% 1st Debs.	5	105	4 15 3	6 16 0
Kynoch 5% Preference (£1)	5	1	5 0 0	7 3 0
Sth. American Stores 5½% Debs.	5½	106	5 3 9	7 8 2
United Railways of the Havana 4½% Debs.	4½	101	4 9 1	6 7 0
Underground Electric 4½% Bonds	4½	104	4 6 1	6 3 0
Income Bonds	4	77	5 6 6	7 12 0
Victoria Falls Power 5½% Debs.	5½	107	5 2 9	7 8 8

Below is a short list of securities on which dividends are paid tax free at the discretion of the directors:

	Div. p.c.	Price	Yield tax free	Equivalen Subject to tax
Bank of Australasia (£40)	17	118	5 15 3	8 4 8
Chartered Bank of India (£20)	19	75	5 12 6	8 0 8
National Bank of India (£12½)	20	49	5 2 0	7 6 0
National Bank of New Zealand (£2½)	13	5½	5 12 0	8 0 0
P. and O. Steam Navigation Def. (£100)	18	335	5 8 0	7 14 0
Telegraph Construction (£12)	20	42	5 14 0	8 3 0
San Paulo Railway Ord. (£100)	10	184	5 8 0	7 14 0
Babcock and Wilcox Ord.	15	3½	4 12 3	6 11 9
British-American Tobacco	30	5½	5 17 0	8 7 0
Liebig's Extract (£5)	25	25	5 6 4	7 12 0
Selfridge Pref.	6	1½	5 6 4	7 12 0
Shell Transport	35	6½	5 14 0	8 3 0

The payment of interest free of tax on Selfridge Preference shares is an act of grace on the part of the proprietors of the ordinary shares. In the event of directors deciding to discontinue tax-free payments on ordinary or deferred shares it is a reasonable presumption that, circumstances permitting, they would increase the rate of dividend; for example, the chairman of Vickers, Ltd. has intimated that in future they will pay 3/4d. per share subject to tax instead of 2/6d. per share, tax free, provided that profits are maintained.

Among securities which may be expected to appreciate in capital value in the next few years are those bearing a low rate of interest but redeemable at par at a fixed date. The following is a short list of such stocks with the dates at which the capital sum will be repaid at par:

	Redeemable	Price
Edinburgh 3 p.c.	1924	87
Sheffield 3 p.c.	1925	85
Cape of Good Hope 4 p.c.	1923	92
New South Wales 3½ p.c.	1924	89
New Zealand 4 p.c.	1929	86
Queensland 4 p.c.	1924	91
" 3½ p.c.	1921-24	89
" 4½ p.c.	1920-25	93
South Africa 4½ p.c.	1920-25	94
Victoria 4½ p.c.	1920-25	93
West Australia 3 p.c.	1927	80

The difference between the present price and par represents a tax-free bonus which will accrue to the holder at the date mentioned.

CONSOLIDATED TRUST.

THE TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the shareholders of the Consolidated Trust, Ltd., was held on the 16th inst. at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C.

Mr. Arthur A. Baumann, the chairman, said: "Gentlemen,—you will see from the report and accounts which have been in your hands during the past week that the gross revenue of the company for the past year has been £56,372 odd. That is a little more than the revenue for the preceding year. After providing for the interest paid and accrued on the Debenture stock and the expenses of administration, there remains, with the sum of £6,655 odd brought forward from the previous year, an available balance of £38,027. Out of this we have already paid £12,500 in November in interim dividends on the Preferred and Deferred stocks, and what we now propose, subject to your approval, is that the balance of £25,519 should be appropriated in the payment of a final dividend of 2 per cent. on the Four per Cent. First Preferred stock, a final dividend of 2½ per cent. on the Five and a-Half per Cent. Second Preferred stock and a final dividend of 8½ per cent. on the Deferred stock—all less tax at 5s.—making a total on the Deferred stock for the year of 12½ per cent. We carry forward to the new year £8,758. There has been realised from the sale of securities a balance profit of £8,300, which has been applied towards reducing the book value of certain of your investments. The balance-sheet calls for no comment, as our capital position is practically unchanged, though I may point out to you that we have £120,757 invested in War Loan and in National War bonds. These, gentlemen, are the figures of the trust; I think that, on the whole, they are satisfactory, and they speak for themselves. I find in certain circles, non-City circles, a most extraordinary optimism with regard to our financial future. This optimism is generally confined to politicians and to writers in the Press. An ingenious and sanguine statistician of my acquaintance resolutely maintains that the country is actually richer than it was before the war began. I am afraid that I cannot share that view, having regard to one or two facts which I should like to lay before your notice. The first salient fact seems to me to be that last year's national revenue of some £700,000,000 was, roughly speaking, equal to the total amount of the National Debt before the war. That is a striking fact. The second salient fact appears to me to be that of a tax revenue of some £600,000,000 raised by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, five-sixths, or over £500,000,000, were paid by about one-fortieth of the population. That sounds startling, but it is true. Of the £600,000,000 odd raised by taxes £100,000,000 were raised by Customs and Excise, to which all classes contribute. The other £500,000,000 were contributed by the property taxes—by income-tax, super-tax, excess profits tax and death duties. Now, the income-tax paying class, according to the figures which were laid before Sir Charles Dilke's Income-Tax Committee a few years ago, number between 1,000,000 and 1,500,000 people. I do not take into consideration the new class of income-tax payers, those with incomes between £160 and £130 a year, because the Chancellor of the Exchequer told us that their contribution to the income-tax last year was only £3,000,000. I therefore leave this out of account as a negligible factor. But the fact remains that five-sixths of the tax revenue of the country is contributed by a little over 1,000,000 or 1,500,000 individuals, which, compared with the total population, is a fraction. Now that position, in my opinion, is not only inequitable, but unsafe. The third salient fact of the situation is that there has been a great transference of wealth from head-workers to hand-workers. The increase in the amount of wages paid to the working classes in the way of bonuses and increased salaries is estimated at £1,000,000,000. Those, gentlemen, are the three main facts of the situation to-day.

"What is the situation likely to be after the war? I do not think we shall get out of this war with a debt under £8,000,000,000 or £9,000,000,000 sterling. The interest on that sum, together with sinking fund, compensation and pensions, will require the raising of a revenue very nearly the same as that now raised—namely, some £700,000,000 or £800,000,000 a year."

After discussing two or three interesting ways in which that revenue might be raised, such as lowering the income-tax to incomes of £50 a year; a tax or a levy upon capital; and the Government embarking upon a career of a trade monopolist, the Chairman moved:

"That the report and accounts as submitted to this meeting be received and adopted, and that final dividends of 2 per cent. on the First Preferred stock and 2½ per cent. on the Second Preferred stock and 8½ per cent. on the Deferred stock, all less tax, be declared and paid, and that the balance of £8,758 12s. 2d. be carried forward." I will ask Lord St. Davids to second that resolution.

Lord St. Davids seconded the motion.

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